



SATURDAY NIGHT.

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Things General

IS it possible that a public policy can be successfully pursued in Canada or any section of it so perfidious and improper that amongst individuals a similar project would be instantly repudiated and those promoting it ostracized? Premier Haultain organized, supervised and perfected every feature of the local government of the North-West Territories. Since the coming provinces on the far Western plains merged from a system of badly managed paternalism when everything was done from Ottawa, Mr. Haultain has been the choice of the scattered settlement of people of that vast section of Canada, as director of their local affairs. The difficulties of the position have been great, the administration one that no ordinary man could successfully have undertaken. Settlements hundreds of miles apart had to be looked after, schools established, roads and bridges attended to, and all the details of expending the Federal grant for the maintenance of public institutions carefully watched. For thirteen years Mr. Haultain had led the Territorial Assembly composed of all varieties of men, divided by all sorts of politics, traditions, prejudices and local interests—and has been a success. During this period no one has accused him of unfairness as an administrator or of being corrupt as a trustee. There has never been a charge, nor even an innuendo, with regard to the misappropriation of a dollar of public money. In the House of Commons, when the question of the school system was being argued and the Educational Clauses of the Autonomy Bill framed, no greater tribute could have been paid to any man's executive ability than the eulogies paid to the system perfected in the Territories. Mr. Haultain has been nobody's tool, and no instance can be named where he has proved himself a weakling or a pandering to either the Government in power or to religious denominations who desired favors. I think I voice the opinion of all the Western people and of everyone acquainted with Mr. Haultain's work in saying that Canada has no stronger, straighter or more able administrator, either in Federal, Provincial or Territorial politics.

Yet this strong, straight, able man, who has locally directed nearly every good thing that has been done for the Territories, is to be ousted from any share of the government of either of the two new provinces! No device known to politics has been unused to keep him from having any share in the new administrations. No trick of party conventions, political intrigue or private pull or push has been neglected to put this able, honest man out of business. If this is an example of Liberalism as developed by Sir Wilfrid Laurier and his colleagues, it is a thing which is so indefensibly detestable that machine Liberalism ought to stink as a putrefying and pernicious thing from one end of the Dominion of Canada to the other. If a man who has administered with efficiency and economy, and certainly with honesty, the affairs of these coming provinces, is to be excluded, admittedly by design of the Ottawa Government, from any further connection with what has only been begun, what incentive is there to a well-bred, decent man with a future in any profession to devote himself to public affairs as Mr. Haultain has done? A man of education and refinement, he is beloved in the West alike by the cowboy and the capitalist, by the man of affairs and the driver of a bull team—a rare combination of the best impulses of the East and the West. Yet because Premier Haultain opposed the designs of the Roman Catholic Hierarchy in the school question and opposed the Ottawa Government, in an effort to protect the people who had so long given him their confidence—and as he sometimes opposed Conservative governments—this man is to be politically crucified, mutilated and thrown to the political bowwows. It is a sight to make his fellow Canadians sick with shame; and no matter what the temporary effect may be, we may be sure that punishment will be inflicted upon the authors of the edict which has gone out for Mr. Haultain's political destruction. Canadians are slow and do not seem always possessed of a genius for organization, but eventually—and as a rule it would seem almost casually—they punish the offender whether it be a man or a government, and reward the faithful official eventually—possibly after his death. If he lives, Mr. Haultain will be Premier of Canada. And his promotion is not as far off as some people may think.

THE situation with regard to Niagara power is growing acute and the World is doing good work in calling attention to it, while, as that paper says, a number of the other Toronto dailies appear to have been chloroformed. People expect much of Premier Whitney, as his initial performances have been so straightforward and strictly in the public interest. The Power Commissioners of his appointment should act at once in the matter of the Niagara concerns and their possible combination with huge lighting and traction companies and the oppression of the smaller consumers. This matter is urgent and Premier Whitney has an opportunity right now of showing himself capable of grappling with big things.

THE death of Senator Wark of New Brunswick in his hundred and second year has been the occasion of many eulogies of his Christian character and persistent attention to his work as a Senator. No doubt he was an estimable man in private life, but if the Senate be anything but a resting-place for aged and impoverished politicians it should be made up of men of greater vigor and more up-to-date impulses than any man can possibly hope to possess who is a centenarian. That any man should retain such a position for so long a period and for a year after he was unable to attend at Ottawa does not seem to me—cruel as it may be thought in anyone to criticize the eulogies heaped on the dead—characteristic of one possessing his full faculties and so devoted to the public good as the newspaper eulogies have good-naturedly attempted to make it appear. Senator Wark entered the Senate at Confederation, and leaves it at a time when it may be said Confederation, in some respects at least, is enduring its greatest strain.

INSINCERITY is liable to be considered by Great Britain the chief characteristic of Canadians. When Lord Minto was leaving Canada fulsome eulogies were published by the newspapers and Parliament passed resolutions of a most laudatory character. All of these appear to have been accepted in good faith by the British authorities, and Lord Minto was appointed Viceroy of India. This extraordinary promotion of a mediocre man startled the Canadian press into telling the truth or made the editors laugh. As an instance of how the newspapers viewed the appointment take the editorial of the *Globe* of last Tuesday:

The choice of Lord Minto to succeed Lord Curzon will nowhere create more surprise than in Canada. Our late Governor-General, whatever other qualities he had, would hardly be regarded as a statesman. If the destinies of India can be safely confided to his hands they cannot be so heavy a burden as we are led to believe. It is true that his Lordship can point to the resolutions passed by the Canadian Parliament, lauding the manner in which he had discharged the duties of his office, and the circumstance may suggest the danger that such resolutions may be taken seriously in some quarters. However, the Indian court will at least gain a gracious mistress in Lady Minto.

Why, indeed, should not the resolutions of a "dignified and truthful" body of men such as the Canadian Parliament be "taken seriously" everywhere, particularly in Great Britain? Hitherto a reasonable amount of weight has been carried by the expressions of our Parliament, but the British press now realizes how hollow and hypocritical Canada's representative

body can be. Ireland has already sized up Canadian resolutions of sympathy with Home Rule. Great Britain has never been quite convinced of French-Canadian expressions of loyalty; and now that the Canadian press gives Downing Street the grand laugh for appointing Lord Minto to India, what Canada says officially or Canadians say personally or through the press must always be under suspicion.

Insincerity is the vice of the age, for nothing is more vicious than the misleading of those who trust us. That Canada has adopted a policy which must lead Great Britain to believe that insincerity is the chief characteristic of the people of the Dominion is probably a part of the strength at Ottawa of the French-Canadian idea of government. English-speaking Canadians are accused of being blunt, rude, and devoid of refinement, while the French-Canadians are lauded everywhere as being a polite and smooth-spoken people. Apparently the leaven of "politeness" if working to the extent of making the whole country a sickening spectacle of insincerity. The French-Canadian representatives voted for the laudatory resolutions, though as politicians they detested Minto for practically forcing the Laurier Government to countenance the sending of the Canadian contingents to South Africa. That was the best thing Lord Minto did, and in doing it he played the Imperialist part with the ardor of a military man. It is for this sort of thing that the Imperial Government think they need him in India, and though he may not be a statesman or a brilliant soldier he will obey orders and do what needs to be done. In fact, he is better suited to

or senate of seventeen members in Nova Scotia, all the expensive machinery of the departments and officials connected with them; and in fact, the more the union means in the direction of possible economy, the greater objection will the politicians have to it ever being effected. The Dominion Government could very well afford to pay the sum now allowed for Lieutenant-Governors as an additional provincial subsidy, for it must be remembered that this is a federal charge; and moreover, it might very well present to the federated Maritime Provinces the Intercolonial from Lewis to Halifax, body, bones and breeches, reserving, of course, such running rights as would make it still a safeguard in the matter of the other provinces reaching an open winter sea. The other provinces would thus be safe in that matter, though I can conceive of no interest except that created by a demand for political secession which would induce the Maritime Provinces to try to make the Intercolonial something no better than a local line.

Just now there is a very significant agitation for the transference of the management of the Intercolonial to a commission for the sale of the road to a private corporation. I am certain that no federal government dare attempt to transfer the road to a private corporation, for some years ago in making a trip through the provinces I made inquiries as to the possibility of the I. C. R. being allowed to get into the possession of the C. P. R. With extraordinary unanimity the People by the Sea denounced the idea, and some went so far as to threaten if any government tried to escape the terms



A CANADIAN SUMMER GIRL.

India than Canada. If he accomplishes in the East the Imperial purpose as well as he accomplished it in Canada and antagonizes the people there as little as he offended the people here, he will doubtless on leaving India be lauded as much as he was when he left Canada, and the complimentary things said of him will be probably much more sincere.

THE selfishness and jealousies of groups of people are as well or better developed than in individuals. Greediness of every kind is apt to be as distressing and more irritating to the neighbors of these groups of self-seekers than the like propensity is sure to be to those who have to come in contact with an individual who is solely engaged in bettering himself. The people of the Maritime Provinces are remote from Western Canada and always speak of Ontario as if it were a far distant part of the West and not at all interested in the East. It is rather amusing to hear New Brunswickers, Nova Scotians and Prince Edward Islanders speak of Toronto as being in the West. West to us means something the other side of Manitoba. Just now the Board of Trade of these Maritime Provinces is agitating for the confederation of its three sections into one large province—a most praiseworthy idea. Prince Edward Island is surrounded by tide water, Nova Scotia is a peninsula, and New Brunswick has ample access to the sea. Their products and exports are much the same; the people are of similar origin and common pursuits, except that fewer New Brunswickers "go down to the sea in ships." New Brunswick, with a population of 331,023, has the greatest territory, 28,100 square miles—much of it like Old and New Ontario. Nova Scotia, with a population of 459,116, has 20,550 square miles, a fair proportion of it good farming country, the remainder somewhat rugged. Prince Edward Island, with a population of little over 100,000, has an area, almost all of it rich and arable, of 2,134 square miles. Taken as a whole, there is no reason why provincial subdivisions should exist in this maritime section of Canada, yet I doubt very much if the politicians will permit the provinces to unite. It would mean the abolition of two lieutenant-governorships—a reduction of \$16,000—the doing away with two legislatures, a legislative council

of Confederation involving the running of the Intercolonial, they would either secede or burn the bridges of the road. As to any good coming out of a commission, the press generally is sceptical, but to me it merely means what kind of commission might be appointed. If it were one created for business reasons and insisting on making the Intercolonial pay its expenses, the people who benefit so much by low freight rates and excellent jobs on the road and in its departments would make a squeal which would resound from one end of the country to the other. Taking it altogether, the Dominion Government, which is in a sort of way pledged to build a tunnel under Northumberland Straits to Prince Edward Island, would be well out of the whole transaction if it presented the Intercolonial to the federated provinces on the condition that this tunnel be built; and it appears that Prince Edward Island is demanding this tunnel as a compensation for entering the Maritime Confederation, even though it has nothing to lose and much to gain by such a proceeding. If we are not to have government-owned railroads in Canada—and the building of the Grand Trunk Pacific makes the prospect remote—the Dominion would be well out of it if the Maritime Provinces owned the Intercolonial and paid the shot for its mismanagement, for they evidently will demand an extravagant mismanagement as long as the loss comes out of the federal treasury.

EIGHT hours a day, it has been decided by the International Typographical Union, which met in Toronto last week, must after the first of January, 1906, be the standard upon which printers are to be paid without reduction of the per diem wage. The Typographical Union is probably stronger in brains and in every other respect except numbers than any other labor organization on this continent, and it has been assured by the International Labor Organization, through Mr. Sam Gompers, the president, that it will be backed by all the labor unions of the continent. Sam Gompers, as he is generally known, does not appear to be a demagogue, an agitator, or in any respect a noisy and purposeless person. Many say that he exerts an authority in America second only

to the President of the United States, and this is probably true, for he is a forceful man and has the confidence of the millions of wage-workers who have kept him at the head of their organization for over twenty years.

If the employing printers thought that yielding the eight-hour-day point would end the controversy even temporarily, they would probably consent without a fight, for the man who works conscientiously and with skill and energy for eight hours a day can accomplish much, and it would not be impossible to adapt the price of printing to this change in the cost of production. Printers, however, have been so persistent in shortening the length of their day and increasing their demands for pay that the International Typographic of America—the employing printers—feel that it would be ruinous to concede the point without a struggle. So many devices are being introduced which do away with features of job printing that it is quite conceivable that the inordinate demands of labor may seriously threaten even the existence of those large job offices dependent on Union labor. It does not cost a great deal of money for a printer to buy a small job plant and set up for himself, and it seems probable that high prices would have the effect of multiplying what are known as "bedroom shops."

The newspapers, particularly the daily papers, which have to handle the news quickly, are so dependent on skilled labor that they must pay the price demanded by the Union or organize to fight it. Despite the introduction of typesetting machines of various classes, which are now in all the big printing offices, the newspapers are more than ever dependent upon their printers. The type can be set so cheaply compared with hand work that it has induced the daily papers to put out huge bundles of printed pulp such as could not have been thought of years ago when labor was cheaper, type machines unknown and paper exceedingly expensive. A daily paper is not like a piece of job work, something which may be delayed, but it must be out on time, and unless the newspaper publishers organize themselves and begin the education of non-Union labor they undoubtedly will have to pay the rate at the end of this year. If, however, they start to make a fight, there are hundreds of people skilled at the typewriter who could become reasonably expert within a few months at working a type machine. Altogether it is an interesting situation, liable to develop into an exceedingly irritating and disastrous struggle. Probably it is part of the evolution of events and many people not now past middle age will live to see similar struggles for a seven hour, six hour, or even a five hour day, if the printers win with their eight hour proposition.

THE rush to the Cobalt mining district continues unabated, and large figures are being talked not only as to production, but the price of claims, town lots, and those other accessories of a boom. It should be remembered, by those who contemplate investing, how the nickel lands about Sudbury were practically tied up by the International Nickel Company by purchasing the leading mines and the best prospects in a large area. The International people are really a Trust and have the only refinery where nickel matte can be treated with anything like success, though it is said that much of value is let go to waste at their mills from lack of a complete process. Shippers of unrefined nickel other than the International Company have poor success in having their output treated, as nearly all the ore produced in years has been thrown on the dump and remains untouched in the dump or at these mills, which are nominally, if not principally, under the control of Earl Bros. This being the case, the production of nickel has been greatly discouraged, though the only other mines which can pretend to compete with those at Sudbury are in New Caledonia, a penal colony of France.

A well informed man who has no interest in either nickel or cobalt mines, tells me that the output of the latter under present circumstances will have to be treated at the same mills, though their process is unable to extract anything but the silver, leaving the nickel, cobalt and arsenic as waste.

This means, as things are now run and the ore is purchased by the Trust on its own assay of the silver only, something like this: A ton of cobalt ore may contain silver worth \$600, from which the Trust deducts 10 per cent. for refining or \$60.00, cobalt \$50, nickel \$140, or a total loss, owing to the failure to obtain the cobalt, nickel and arsenic, of at least \$250 per ton.

It is also said that the same foreign Trust which has operated in and around Sudbury is at work in the Cobalt district and has already acquired a large number of claims, said to approximate 1,400 acres. Thus the condition as to the ownership of mines so disastrous to production of nickel is likely to be reproduced at Cobalt. I am informed that not a ton of the Cobalt silver ore has yet been actually treated.

It may be asked why do not the small producers combine and erect a smelter for the treatment of these ores? As it would cost probably a quarter of a million dollars to put in a complete plant, the man with a 40-acre claim is hardly likely to compete with a man with 1,400 acres of good prospects. A proposition is said to have been made by a wealthy Canadian to build a smelter, but the project is regarded as having so many strings to it that his mill would be as dangerous to the small mine-owner as the smelter situated in New Jersey and the people who control it. If what has been stated above is correct, and the prosperity of every small claim owner and miner both in the nickel and cobalt districts is threatened, the Ontario Government should put in a plant with the most modern facilities and processes and make the Combine sit up. If it does not do so, the prosperity of a region rich beyond comparison in rare minerals must be endangered. At the last session of the Legislature the International Nickel Company endeavored to obtain a consolidation of their claims, which, if it had been allowed, would have enabled them to hold their mineral lands in perpetuity whether they worked them or not, though our laws decree that if such prospects are not worked within ten years the title of the owner must lapse. Fortunately this preposterous legislation was so strenuously opposed that it was defeated for the time being. The attempt of the Trust to tie up these mineral lands, however, was made evident, and that they are not refining the ore sent to them is another proof that they have a set purpose in causing such embarrassing delay. It is reported that Premier Whitney has said that he is prepared to take hold of the proposition of either putting in a smelter or guaranteeing the bonds of one under proper conditions whenever it is shown that there is a sufficiently strong public sentiment behind the demand. This sentiment will probably be aroused by the press after the evil has been perpetuated to such an extent that the Trust will have been able to obtain control of all of the more valuable of the smaller claims, and practically amalgamated them with their own. If our Bureau of Mines is not broad and far-seeing enough to cope with the problem the subject is of sufficient importance for the Cabinet as a body to deal with. Premier Whitney is a man of action. His Government has shown itself to be swift in remedying grievances such as these, and it is to be hoped that at the next session of the Legislature a plan will be submitted which will ensure the building of a smelter next year.

A PROJECT popular in the Maritime Provinces for bringing the British West India Islands into the Canadian Confederation, is meeting the approbation of the British press. Two years and a half ago I started on a voyage of observation amongst those islands, full of enthusiasm for the project and believing that all Canada needed to round up Confederation was the bringing in of Newfoundland and the British West Indies. Now that I am better acquainted with the facts I am less enthusiastic, though by no means convinced that the project is unworkable. Great Britain would gladly rid herself of the task of governing these communities, each one intensely insular in its prejudices, jealousies and self-confidence. To govern all those islands

Canada would require a navy and a host of officials, no matter to what extent autonomy could be granted to a people—so long governed as crown colonies are governed—in which negroes, many of them illiterate and debased, are so greatly in the majority. While I do not believe that Canada is yet ready for anything but a trade arrangement with the British West Indies, I believe a commission should be appointed to inquire into the possibilities and to arrange for a better union of the Canadian and Imperial steamship services, both heavily subsidized, but, considering the amount paid, of less benefit than they might be if they worked together. The Canadian subsidy is paid to a line of steamers which has been made of infinitely greater advantage to Canada and the islands if improved, extended, and permitted to share in the Imperial subsidy. The question is an important one, but as I have already written on it at great length my readers are possessed of much of the information I obtained.

AN announcement comes from the Accountant's office in the House of Commons that the \$213,000 voted as extra indemnity to the members has all been paid out by cheque, and not a dollar of it been refused. This is not surprising. Men who vote themselves money as the M. P.'s did are too eager for coin to be hampered by conscience. The few who divided up this year's sessional indemnity with county fairs and charities will probably forget to do it next year. But even if they do devote what they swipe out of the Dominion treasury to advertising their philanthropy or public spirit, they cannot consider themselves honest. To be absolutely honest an M. P. should have left the money where it belonged—in the Dominion treasury. The discussion of it, and the morals of it, suggest the story about the two darkeys who were robbing a hen-roost. One was on a ladder handing down the chickens to the other, who was putting them in a bag, when the more exalted of the two stopped to inquire of his pal, "Say, Johnsing, do you think it's right fo' us to come heah an' take Deacon Jones's chickens?" Johnsing—"Sam, dat am a great mo'al question. Dis ain't neider de time no' de place t' discuss it. Hand me down anoder pullet." It appears to be none of the business of the House of Commons to discuss high mo'al questions; the members are too busy handing down pullets.

MEDIAEVAL mummery still has a considerable place in our legal system. On Saturday last it was announced that "Thomas Mulvey, K.C., Assistant Provincial Secretary, and J. Lansdale Capreol, Clerk of the Executive Council, have been appointed Commissioners per Dedimus Potestatem within the Province of Ontario and every county and district therein." Heretofore, it is explained, "in most of the counties there were Commissioners per Dedimus Potestatem, sometimes the judge, sometimes the sheriff or the clerk of the peace, who have had power to administer the oaths of office," which is what this mummery title means. "Commissioners per Dedimus Potestatem" be durned! Why not simply say "Commissioners through whom power is given," or something descriptive of men before whom you have to go to be sworn in? It was long before yesterday that all of this "per Dedimus" business should have died out, and it should be the aim of the modern law-makers not only to provide us with statutes which we can read and understand for ourselves, but which we can also be reasonably expected to observe. Even if Messrs. Mulvey and Capreol were arrested by a six-foot, two-hundred-and-fifty-pound policeman and suddenly accused of "per Dedimus Potestatem" they would probably plead guilty, forgetting whether they had been guilty of it or had it. If a county constable were to push a writ into the hand of a farmer charging him with this Latin funny business, even though it were an appointment as justice of the peace, he would hitch up his team and go to see his lawyer, and his wife, poor thing, would weep while he was away, wondering what had happened to the family—whether it meant losing the farm or her husband.

A WAVE of murderous and suicidal intent, induced by drink and marital troubles, seems to be filling the telegraphic columns of Canadian daily papers. The incidents have been sad enough and numerous enough to need the mention of no special case, though the Amherstburg incident may be selected as one upon which to rest a passing inquiry as to how much we differentiate between the cause and the effect. We have no statistics as to the percentage of unhappy married couples or the cause of their disagreements. We are perhaps too ready in assuming, if the husband be drunken, that that is the sum and substance of a family quarrel. In a large percentage of cases it is; in the one under discussion it appears to have been the whole trouble. Yet we are scarcely justified in the assumption ex-



PUSHBALL PLAYED BY THE ROYAL HORSE GUARDS AT HURLINGHAM.

cept that it was the ultimate trouble. It has been very truly said that every heart has its own sorrow, and the man with a sorrow in his heart is apt to have a yearning in his stomach for a stimulant that will pass him over a period of despondency or perplexity. That women are naturally good and men naturally bad we will assume as a rough and illogical basis of argument; admittedly both are human. Perhaps ninety per cent. of both are unrefined and inconsiderate, if not generally, in some particular way which irritates the other. If the woman takes to drink to drown her sorrows, in nine hundred and ninety cases out of a thousand she becomes a wreck. The percentage is much smaller in the case of the man, whose employment depends upon his reasonable sobriety and who is unlikely to be permitted to overlook the facility with which the woman can drag him into the police court if he fails to fulfil the requirements of the law.

Not long ago a man who eloped with another fellow's wife returned, tried to kill her, and killed himself, because she left him. A woman must have a great fascination for a man when he is willing to become a murderer and a suicide in order that he may have possession of her. Should not such a woman have a power over a man, if she be worthy, sufficient to keep him from drink and other excesses? No man would travel from Cleveland to Ottawa to kill a woman who had first deserted her own husband and then gone back to him, unless he was either intensely devoted to her or absolutely insane. When we have a pathological bureau in this province which will inquire into insanity, we may have some outlines given us of this peculiar form of mania—largely, no doubt, sexual and morbid in its nature. Until then it might be wise to look into the moral proposition—how much is the woman in these cases of murderous and suicidal mania responsible for the frightful mental state in which the man must be who, following the first impulse of insanity, desires to kill the one he loves best and then himself? We are all familiar with the old and foolish proposition of a woman marrying a man to reform him; in that case, as a rule, the woman is not to blame for the necessity of reform which exists in the man. When the man's degradation and mental and moral derangement occurs after his marriage, some inquiry should be made as to what put him wrong. We have had sufficient cases within the last month in Ontario of attempted wife-murder, attempts to kill women with illicit attachments to men, to make it evident that while marital relations are the basis of society as it is constituted, the same or similar relations amongst the illiterate or the unrestrained furnish a considerable amount of the material which ultimately gets in the criminal courts or in the murder calendar. I think it will be admitted that the day is past when the man was considered altogether the reason for irregularities of legitimate or illegitimate relationships. The increased commercial independence of women and their admitted knowledge of means to prevent reproduction and its accompanying embarrassments, together with the greater laxity of religious and moral restraints, provide those engaged in research and in the making of laws with new material upon which to work. There seems to be no effort made to get at the basis of a growing evil. It is easy to attribute everything to drink, except in those cases where inebriety is a habit acquired in early youth and before the formation of character has been completed. The acceptance of such a theory seems in a considerable measure to be worn out.

There is a lack of a sense of moral responsibility prevalent in the whole community which might be much more logically taken as the fundamental cause of nearly all of our irregularities. Women who wait with regard to the drink habit are often, if not equally, guilty with the men who ultimately resort to stimulants to make life endurable. It seems to me illogical, this urging that laws should be made to make the man good that the woman may be happy. If educational theories and practices were urged to make the women good and strong they should be able to control their sons and husbands without appeals to the police magistrate in at least fifty per cent. of the cases which obtrude themselves on public notice. Women have themselves to blame if, for the sake of obtaining a husband or a home, they marry a debauched man, though the chances of his improvement are almost nil. Those who marry a man or a youth whose possibilities are all before him—this, of course, excepts the youthful debauchee—should accept some of the responsibilities of his future. In the modern make-up of the world the woman is ceasing to insist that she be taken care of; she is accepting fairly equal responsibilities in taking care of herself and those who belong to her. If by a failure to exert all those gentle wiles and feminine influences she fails to make a man out of the boy she marries, she must accept some of the responsibility, for I think it will not be denied that in marrying the woman is the greater factor, though she does not do the proposing. The desertion of wives by their husbands is a significant subject in this connection. In Chicago last year 7,700 such desertions were noted by the relief officer, and in New York there were 7,500, most ascribed to bad cooking and worse drink, but evidently with a primary and unexplained cause much further back.

In all this we cannot ignore the fitness of the woman's sense who believes that she can make a good man out of a ruffian—all we can do is to make plain the almost indisputable statistics of failure in such efforts. It takes a strong will and an extraordinary influence to make a pig act like a gentleman, but the basis of this article is the idea of men willing to risk the hangman's rope in a murderous or suicidal attempt to obtain possession of a woman who either legally or by consent belongs to him. Such a man is not a pig; he may be a hunc, but he possesses that very instinct which women seem to demand of men and which, if rightly controlled, would make him the absolute property of the woman. Women can not hope to have intensity of attachment in cold-blooded and carefully calculating men, for the man must see that he can do without her and he is never possessed of a mania to kill her if he loses possession of her. Altogether, it is a queer proposition and seems to suggest the necessity of a pathological inquiry into the whole subject and seems to justify the old dictum:

"Love me little, love me long;

Love that is too hot and strong
Burneth soon to waste."

COMPARATIVELY no attention has been paid to the troubles of Germany in South-West Africa, where about twenty months ago the African subjects of the Kaiser revolted. The *emute* was recently brought more prominently to the public attention by Germany's action in sending out another large batch of reinforcements. The English newspapers profess to believe that the Kaiser has designs on the Transvaal and is massing troops in its vicinity more through a desire to be within striking distance of the British than to crush the rebellion. At any rate, the British War Office, observing the Kaiser's action, has decided not to reduce further the British forces in South Africa. Some of the figures with regard to the cost to Germany of this advertising war scheme indicate that already \$70,000,000 of sauerkraut money has been expended, and of the 20,000 soldiers engaged, 2,000 have already been put out of business. Similar tactics are being employed by the Africans against Germany as were used so effectively against the British not long ago. When it is remembered that 200,000 "niggers" scattered amongst the hills and bushes of 225,000 square miles, are pretty hard to subvert, we can properly estimate the difficulties that the Kaiser is finding in making a brilliant war record under a tropical sun.

Uncle George—And how do you like your employer, Tommy? Tommy—Oh, he isn't so bad, but he's bigoted. Uncle George—Bigoted? In what way? Tommy—He's got an idea that words can only be spelled his way.

Habitan and Seigneur.

IN the issue of August 21 of that sparkling Western weekly, the *Argonaut*, there is an article by Miss Geraldine Bonner bearing the above title. Among other interesting things the writer says:

There is something so completely foreign, so vividly picturesque about this part of Canada, its villages, its life, and its people, that one is in a continual state of query as to whether one can be on the same continent with Triumphant Democracy and New York. If you could eliminate the American summer visitors, with their sophisticated clothes and carriages, you might readily imagine yourself in the rural Canada of the French occupation; there might still be an Intendant at Quebec, the *roi soleil* might be dispensing rewards and punishments from Versailles.

Outside the invasion of the Americans and the building of a hotel among the pines above the wharf, I do not suppose this particular village has changed much in the past hundred years. The same families live on the same spots, if not in the same houses. Many of the farms—rented from the *seigneurs* in long ribbons of land that run back from the river's edge into dimly wooded distances—have been in the hands of one family for a century and a half. The village nearest the St. Lawrence is a straggling irregular line of solidly built *habitan* houses, made of logs fitted together at the angles, the cracks filled with a coarse plaster. Interspersed among these are the lighter buildings raised for the summer boarders, balconied houses untroubled by the desire for beauty, fronting on the dusty road that winds along the great river for miles, from village to village, from parish to parish, from *seigneurie* to *seigneurie*, connecting what once were the scattered outposts of the intruding white man with the source of all things secular and spiritual at Quebec.

Among the British Canadians this has been a popular watering-place for a half-century or more. Realize that, and you will have some idea of the conservative, persistent race-independence of the French-Canadians. They have maintained their village almost intact, have preserved their individuality in the face of the encroaching Anglo-Saxon, with no diminution of any social characteristic; have kept the language of their forebears, serenely ignoring the tongue of the enriching summer visitor. *Caliche*-drivers, who have been piloting well-to-do strangers over the face of the country for twenty years, have learned nothing of their language. The washerwoman with whom I quarrel over my lost lingerie appears to be absolutely unacquainted with the vernacular of the ladies whose custom is making her a woman of means in the community.

They are the best exponents of the Simple Life on our side of the water. When Kriegolf painted them, perpetuating a period in the life of a people by a series of pictured scenes, they lived in the manner that Herr Wagner approves. Since then their ideas have enlarged, new desires and ambitions have sprung into life. But even so, they present to the American an extraordinary example of an unspinning and contented race. The women still spin the homespun cloth—*l'effort du pays*—which the men wear. Driving inland you may see these housewives sitting in the doorways of their homes spinning at their wheels. You seem to be taking a glimpse back into the days of French nobles and proud intendants, of pioneer priests and hostile Indians.

Round the doorway and in the grass about the doorsill, many children play—little, wild creatures, with shy dark eyes looking out through drooping curls of brown hair. The spinning woman is the mother of them all, and probably has grown sons and daughters out at service in the towns, or married and settled on the farms near by. They marry young—singularly young for a northern race—and a baby every year or two till they are over forty is the record of many of them. In the past, families that ran up into the twenties were not uncommon. I have heard (whether or not there is any truth in the statement I have no means of knowing) that in the old French days it was customary to dedicate the twenty-fifth child to the church.

One of the most curious things about the *habitans* of these two villages is that so many of them have English names. Among the shop-keepers and *caliche*-drivers there are Warrens, Harveys, Baileys, McLeans, and McNichols. The names have been Frenchified into almost unrecognizable strangeness. To know what they originally were you have to see them written. Their bearers as a rule speak no word of English, and the stranger puzzles over the anomaly of a McNichol shouting to his horse in quaint old French, and a Bailey—dressed in rusty homespun, a short black pipe in the corner of his mouth—discussing with his companions in a *patois* which sounds as if it might have been spoken in rural France before the Revolution.

To account for this engraving of British names on a people so strikingly Gallic, one has to go back to history. After the conquest of Quebec by Wolfe, two officers of the Seventy-Ninth Highlanders were granted *seigneuries* along the Murray River. These were Captain Fraser and Captain Nairn, both Scotchmen. Theirs were the first, and, I believe, the only *seigneurial* grants made by the English. All the great *seigneuries* of Lower Canada, whose occupation and history reads like a chapter of romance, date from the old *regime* of the French. Some—not many—of them are to-day inhabited by the descendants of the original owners, who bear names that go back to the noblesse of the Grand Monarque's day, but that is another story.

Captain Fraser and Captain Nairn took possession of their *seigneuries*, and—perhaps in order not to be lonely—brought with them a disbanded company of their regiment. At that time there were few inhabitants of the place, and *habitans* came over from Rimouski and joined the strangers in the settlement of the wild and beautiful piece of country. The Scotch soldiers took wives of the Frenchwomen and settled on the land, farming out pieces from the *seigneurs*, or building up the two villages which stand to-day, one where the brown Murray River comes singing over shallows to the deep waters of the bay, the other scattered along the rocky headlands that front on the vast expanse of the St. Lawrence.

First Correspondent—It's no use trying to get any news out of the Japs. Second Ditto—I should say not. Why, those fellows even smile in cipher.

Wm. Pitt & Co.

Ladies' Tailors and Costumiers

Tweeds and Cloths for Tailor-made Suits.
Handsome materials for Day and Evening Gowns.

MILLINERY

Smart Hats for early Fall wear.

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Gloves in all the newest shadings and colorings.
Ladies' and Gents' Walking Gloves.

Corsets

The La Grecque and Lattice Ribbon C. B. Corsets.

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11 & 13 KING ST. EAST, TORONTO.

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Good Design

is only second to good color in wallpapers. There are many more poorly designed wallpapers than the other kind. It is an advantage with us in selecting patterns that our decorative experience gives us expert knowledge of design. Hence our papers from the 20c. ones to any price show the result of careful selection. Samples on request.

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The finest cut glass made in the world

Made in Canada

We have one of the finest and largest cutting shops on the continent. As well as supplying the very best quality, we save you the American manufacturers' profit and the duty.

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English Silver Plate, it seems to us, looks better than any other in the Tea Room. The demand for it among well-to-do people is certainly increasing. It is family plate in reality, and will last for generations. The above teapot at \$7 illustrates one design. We are always pleased to advise with customers regarding the fitting up of a dining-room.

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Established 1840.

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CAPITAL AUTHORIZED \$2,000,000.00

TORONTO BRANCH—34 King Street West.

Women's Room.

Women are invited to make use of the Women's Room which provides a convenient place for resting or keeping appointments. A special branch of the Savings Department is provided in connection with this room.

EDITH LAMBE, Mgr. Women's Department.

WE PAY INTEREST AT

3 1/2 PER CENT.

compounded twice a year on deposits of one dollar and upwards. Our depositors are afforded EVERY FACILITY in dealing with their accounts.

ABSOLUTE SECURITY

is assured by conservative investments amounting to more than TWENTY-FOUR MILLION DOLLARS. Our paid-up capital is SIX MILLION DOLLARS.

Canada Permanent Mortgage Corporation
TORONTO STREET, TORONTO.

The Wine of Royalty

G. H. MUMM & CO.

Champagne

is used by the Royal Families of Europe.

Royal warrants have been granted to Messrs. G. H. Mumm & Co. by

His Majesty King Edward VII.
His Majesty The German Emperor.
His Majesty The Emperor of Austria.
His Majesty The King of Italy.
His Majesty The King of Norway and Sweden.
His Majesty The King of Denmark.
His Majesty The King of the Belgians.
His Majesty The King of Spain.

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We carry a complete stock of the latest pattern in English Table Cutlery, Spoons and Forks.

Get our Prices on Sterling Silver Cutlery Cabinets.

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Cor. King and Victoria Streets, Toronto.

Ladies' Tailoring and Gownmaking

—New Goods
—are arriving.

Orders should be left
now to prevent
disappointment

Our—

Fashion View

will soon be ready.

Send name for one now.

Established 1864.

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King Street—opposite the Post-Office.

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Welcome
to call and inspect
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PHONE M. 3549

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YOU'LL WANT TO REMEMBER HER AS
SHE IS NOW. PROBABLY SHE HASN'T HAD
HER PHOTOGRAPH TAKEN FOR SOME
YEARS. BRING HER TO MY STUDIO. THERE
ARE NO STAIRS TO CLIMB. THE STUDIO
IS NO. 289 COLLEGE STREET, A FEW DOORS
FROM SPADINA AVE.

PERCIVAL DEAN,
PORTRAITS BY PHOTOGRAPHY.

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That can be depended
upon, at prices closer than
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treatment for diseases of the
heart taught and adminis-
tered. Patients treated at our
office or at their residence as
desired. References the
leading physicians of Toronto.

Mr. and Mrs. W. R. Forbes
155 ROBERT ST., Phone N. 16



At the Queen's Royal, Niagara-on-
the-Lake, the crowd of summer guests
find golf, tennis, bridge and dancing
quite equal to making the hours go all
too quickly. A good many Toronto peo-
ple are spending their holidays in the
pretty old town, where the wealth of
foliage and the restful old-fashioned
gardens are a luxury to tired eyes.
Tennis excites a good deal of interest
and next Tuesday the international
tournament will be held on the courts
of the Queen's Royal. Many of the
leading players who have been compet-
ing at the United States championships
at Newport have announced their in-
tention to compete. The following play-
ers from Canada have definitely signified
their intention of playing: From Mont-
real Mr. H. M. Suckling (Quebec cham-
pion), Mr. Prevost, Miss Clay (Quebec
lady champion), Miss Hague (former
lady champion for Canada), Mr. Doug-
las Stewart, Mr. F. D. Kerr and Miss
Kerr of Peterboro. Mr. Ralph Burns,
the former Ontario champion, and the
Canadian lady champion, Mrs. Sumner-
hayes, will also be present. Last Sat-
urday night the weekly dance was held
in the Casino and was kept up as late
as the "Alliance" would allow. Among
those present were Mrs. H. H. Suddan,
in a handsome cream lace gown, Mrs.
B. G. of New York in a pretty flowered
organdie with girle of shaded cerise
silk, Mrs. Jim Foy, looking very hand-
some in white and grey costume, Miss
G. L. in a white muslin, an attractive blonde
from London, Ontario, who was an ad-
mired guest last summer and who looked
very well in a pale blue gown, Miss
Helen McLean of New York in white
and pink muslin, Miss Sarah Lansing,
a dainty fair-haired girl in pale pink
whose bright spirits were as enjoyable
as her dancing, Mrs. Barnard in white
lawn trimmed with lace, Mrs. Waters
in white muslin, Miss Fleischmann, a
handsome brunette in white organdie,
Miss Fowler of St. Louis, undeniably the
prettiest girl at Niagara, in graceful
cream princess gown, Mrs. Poetz in
white organdie, Mrs. Whaley in black lace
gown, Mrs. Jenkins in white organdie,
Mrs. McLean in pale grey muslin, Miss
Moore in gown of white and black mus-
lin trimmed with black velvet ribbon,
Miss Fuller in pink organdie, Mrs.
Seaver of Batavia, N.Y., a charming
and attractive guest in white linen with
exquisite Bavarian embroidery, Miss
Goldsmith in light gray, Miss Violet
Edwards in pale blue muslin, Miss
Gladys Edwards in pink organdie.
There were a good many very young
dancers who had the best of the fun
and who were very well-behaved young-
sters, disappearing at a seemly hour.
All the small girls wore white muslin
gowns, sashes of pale blue and blue
hair-ribbons tied in immaculate bows.
Among them were Miss Mildred Dodge,
Miss Dolly Whaley, Miss Beth Wha-
ley, Miss Cordelia Poetz and Miss Vir-
ginia Jenkins. There are many South-
ern visitors, among them being Mr. and
Mrs. Winston Jones of Mobile, Alabama,
who are spending their third summer at
Niagara with the whole-hearted enjoy-
ment characteristic of the people from
Dixieland; Mr. and Mrs. Poetz, also
from Mobile; Mrs. Whaley and her
three delightful children from Norfolk,
Virginia; Mrs. Jenkins and Miss Vir-
ginia Jenkins from the same State; a
clever journalist from New Orleans and
a railway magnate from Washington,
D.C. Bridge is pursued with much

diligence, Mrs. Meyer being the most
experienced exponent of its mysteries.
Last Monday the tennis tournament was
played in the morning. On Tuesday the
ladies' team met the Rosedale club in
Toronto and in the evening a children's
fancy dress ball was given in the Casino;
on Wednesday the ladies' team played a
friendly match with a ladies golf
team from St. Catharines, yesterday
there was to have been held the most
interesting event of the season. The
men challenged the women to play a
baseball game, the conditions being that
the men were to play left-handed and
to wear feminine attire. The game was
followed by tea at the Golf Club house.
To-day a team representing the Nia-
gara Tennis and Golf Club is to play
a friendly match with the "White House
Team" from Toronto.

One of the most interesting events in
Quebec last week was the State ball
given on August 10 by their Excel-
lencies the Governor-General and the
Countess Grey at the Citadel in honor
of Prince Louis of Battenberg and the
officers of the second cruiser squadron.
There were over seven hundred guests
present including H.S.H. Prince Louis
and officers of the fleet, Major-General
Lake and the commanding officers of all
the militia regiments of Quebec, mem-
bers of the Consular corps, members of
the Canadian Senate, Parliament and
Local Legislature. Dancing commenced
at ten o'clock, shortly after His Excel-
lency entered the ball-room, accompanied
by the Countess Grey, Lady Evelyn Grey
and Prince Louis of Battenberg. The
Countess wore an artistic gown of pearl
grey silk trimmed richly with lace, and
a diamond tiara completed a very strik-
ing costume. Lady Kirkpatrick of
Cloosburn was one of the most ad-
mired guests in a gown of primrose
silk with touches of black velvet. Prince
Louis and the officers of the squadron
have become most popular in Quebec
and the old city on the St. Lawrence
has known few historic occasions of
such brilliance as the balls given last
week. On Thursday H.S.H. Prince Louis
was in Ottawa, the guest of the Cana-
dian Club at a luncheon in the Russell
House. Torontonians were delighted
to learn that Prince Louis, who arrived
in the city yesterday as the guest of
Lady Kirkpatrick, will remain until
next Thursday. On Monday morning
he will be given a civic reception in the
Council Chamber at eleven o'clock. A
luncheon and garden party at the Royal
Canadian Yacht Club and dinner at
Government House will make a busy day
for our distinguished guest. On Tues-
day Prince Louis is to be entertained
at luncheon at the Exhibition grounds
as the guest of the Exhibition Associa-
tion before attending the opening of
the Exhibition, and in the evening he
will dine at the Exhibition grounds as
the guest of the city of Toronto.

Mr. and Mrs. Hendrie and Miss
Phyllis Hendrie of Holmstead, Hamil-
ton, have returned from Saratoga.
Mr. Samuel Heakes of Halifax, for-
merly of Toronto, is spending a few days
in town prior to his departure for Ger-
many.
Invitations have been issued for the
marriage of Miss Olive Mendell Ander-
son, daughter of Mr. Anderson of Belle-
ville, to Mr. James Douglas Ponton, son
of Mr. Douglas Ponton, Toronto, and
nephew of Colonel William Ponton, to
take place at St. Andrew's Church,
Belleville, on Wednesday, August 30th,
at two o'clock.
From Montreal and Ottawa comes
the news that the daughter of the
Bishop of Ottawa, Miss Mary Hamil-
ton, lately engaged by Mr. E. S. Wil-
lard to play in his company, has re-
signed to become leading lady in an en-
gagement of a much more romantic
nature. If Mr. Willard is in sympathy
with lovers (and no one who has seen
him in David Garrick can doubt it) he
probably smiled in his most engaging
manner and said, "Bless you, my child-
ren."

St. Stephen's Church, Bellevue ave-
nue, was the scene of a pretty wedding
on Wednesday evening of last week,
when Miss Sadie Mills, daughter of
Mrs. Marie C. Mills, was married to
Mr. Charles Plumb. The bride wore
a traveling suit of pale grey silk. The
bridesmaid was Miss Hattie Muirhead
and the best man was Mr. Will Shelley.
Rev. Mr. Broughall was the officiating
clergyman.

The victory of the Iroquois last
Friday at Charlotte was a keen dis-
appointment to those who had been hop-
ing that a stiff breeze would arise and
blow the cup across to Toronto again.
However, everyone is satisfied that the
Temeraire could not have been better
sailed and the contest was close enough
to make the finish interesting both to
Rochester and Toronto. The Canadian
yachtsmen made cheerful losers and
speak in the highest terms of the hospi-
tality shown them by the members of
the Rochester Yacht Club. To Mr.
Frederic Nicholls, owner of the Temeraire,
Canada feels indebted for the encour-
agement he has given to a splendid
form of sport. In recognition of his
services to the Royal Canadian Yacht
Club, Commodore Stephen Haas on Fri-
day afternoon of last week was present-
ed by the club with an oil portrait of
himself. The portrait, which is the
work of Mr. E. Wyly Grier, will adorn
the walls of the handsome new club
house. Mr. Alfred W. Smith presided
over the gathering and Mr. Goldwin
Smith presented the portrait in a speech
which gracefully referred to the efforts
of Commodore Haas to place the affairs
of the club on a sound financial basis
after the fire of last summer. Commo-
dore Haas and Mrs. Haas left this week
for an extended trip to Europe.

Mr. and Mrs. Beaumont Jarvis have
returned to their home in Rosedale after
two months spent on Center Island.
The wedding of Miss Louisa Rolph,
only daughter of Colonel Rolph, 17th
Regiment, to Mr. Cecil E. Marriott,
P.R.C.S., son of Sir Charles Marriott,
took place on August 4th at St. Mary's

Abbot's Church, Kensington, England.
Among the guests were Dr. and Mrs.
Charles O'Reilly, Miss Rolph, Miss
Grace Rolph, Dr. Breyne O'Reilly and
Mr. and Mrs. Granville Cunningham.
Colonel Rolph joined the 17th Regi-
ment in Canada many years ago.

Dr. F. H. Torrington and Mrs. Tor-
rington have returned from their visit to
the seaside.
Hon. J. R. Stratton and Mrs. Strat-
ton, who are spending the summer at
Strathmore-on-the-Lake, Stony Lake,
gave an At Home on August 17 at the
pavilion, Juniper Island, which was
attended by several hundred guests,
most of whom were summer residents
on the lake. The spacious pavilion was
beautifully decorated and a huge bon-
fire illuminated the piazza in front.
Mrs. Stratton wore a very dainty and
becoming gown of pale blue embroidered
mull. Dancing was enjoyed from
9 to 12 to the enlivening music of the
band of the 57th Regiment, and at mid-
night the Peterboro' guests took spe-
cial steamer and train for home. As
the occasion was the anniversary of
their wedding, Mr. and Mrs. Stratton
received the heartiest good wishes from
the many guests who had found the re-
ception one of the pleasantest social
events of the season.

Miss May Sutton, the California girl
who has defeated Miss Douglass, the
former world champion in tennis, is de-
scribed by English papers as "the last
word" in athletics. According to one
authority: "Miss Sutton faces her op-
ponents in a plain white sort of washer-
woman's blouse, without a collar, with-
out a tie, without cuffs, with no ap-
pearance of a waistband, with a short
three-quarter skirt, black stockings and
low white shoes—in short, with really
no ornament at all save a pink ribbon
tying up her bonny brown hair at the
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awesome combination of those two ex-
tremely tiresome things—the strenuous
and the simple life. If this champion
out of the West appears in Toronto the
local interest in her "athletics un-
adorned" will doubtless be great.

The fancy dress ball held at Maple-
hurst, Muskoka, on Monday, August
14, is reported a decided success. The
grand march was conducted by Miss
Marjorie Blair of Ottawa and led by
Miss Baines of Toronto as "Britannia."
Mr. J. B. McLeod of Toronto as King
of Spades, and Miss Mabel Greening
of Hamilton as Queen of Spades, with
eight little pages, were among the most
admired characters.

Tourists—Travelers.
The most convenient way to carry
funds is by Travelers' Cheques. Value
in dollars with equivalents in foreign
moneys stated on each. No discount.
Efficient identification plan issued by
Dominion Express Co., Wellington and
Yonge streets. Money orders, foreign
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Alma was under the dining-table with
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blow the cup across to Toronto again.
However, everyone is satisfied that the
Temeraire could not have been better
sailed and the contest was close enough
to make the finish interesting both to
Rochester and Toronto. The Canadian
yachtsmen made cheerful losers and
speak in the highest terms of the hospi-
tality shown them by the members of
the Rochester Yacht Club. To Mr.
Frederic Nicholls, owner of the Temeraire,
Canada feels indebted for the encour-
agement he has given to a splendid
form of sport. In recognition of his
services to the Royal Canadian Yacht
Club, Commodore Stephen Haas on Fri-
day afternoon of last week was present-
ed by the club with an oil portrait of
himself. The portrait, which is the
work of Mr. E. Wyly Grier, will adorn
the walls of the handsome new club
house. Mr. Alfred W. Smith presided
over the gathering and Mr. Goldwin
Smith presented the portrait in a speech
which gracefully referred to the efforts
of Commodore Haas to place the affairs
of the club on a sound financial basis
after the fire of last summer. Commo-
dore Haas and Mrs. Haas left this week
for an extended trip to Europe.

Mr. and Mrs. Beaumont Jarvis have
returned to their home in Rosedale after
two months spent on Center Island.
The wedding of Miss Louisa Rolph,
only daughter of Colonel Rolph, 17th
Regiment, to Mr. Cecil E. Marriott,
P.R.C.S., son of Sir Charles Marriott,
took place on August 4th at St. Mary's

Abbot's Church, Kensington, England.
Among the guests were Dr. and Mrs.
Charles O'Reilly, Miss Rolph, Miss
Grace Rolph, Dr. Breyne O'Reilly and
Mr. and Mrs. Granville Cunningham.
Colonel Rolph joined the 17th Regi-
ment in Canada many years ago.

Dr. F. H. Torrington and Mrs. Tor-
rington have returned from their visit to
the seaside.
Hon. J. R. Stratton and Mrs. Strat-
ton, who are spending the summer at
Strathmore-on-the-Lake, Stony Lake,
gave an At Home on August 17 at the
pavilion, Juniper Island, which was
attended by several hundred guests,
most of whom were summer residents
on the lake. The spacious pavilion was
beautifully decorated and a huge bon-
fire illuminated the piazza in front.
Mrs. Stratton wore a very dainty and
becoming gown of pale blue embroidered
mull. Dancing was enjoyed from
9 to 12 to the enlivening music of the
band of the 57th Regiment, and at mid-
night the Peterboro' guests took spe-
cial steamer and train for home. As
the occasion was the anniversary of
their wedding, Mr. and Mrs. Stratton
received the heartiest good wishes from
the many guests who had found the re-
ception one of the pleasantest social
events of the season.

Miss May Sutton, the California girl
who has defeated Miss Douglass, the
former world champion in tennis, is de-
scribed by English papers as "the last
word" in athletics. According to one
authority: "Miss Sutton faces her op-
ponents in a plain white sort of washer-
woman's blouse, without a collar, with-
out a tie, without cuffs, with no ap-
pearance of a waistband, with a short
three-quarter skirt, black stockings and
low white shoes—in short, with really
no ornament at all save a pink ribbon
tying up her bonny brown hair at the
back, as though to keep it out of the
way." This description sounds like an
awesome combination of those two ex-
tremely tiresome things—the strenuous
and the simple life. If this champion
out of the West appears in Toronto the
local interest in her "athletics un-
adorned" will doubtless be great.

The fancy dress ball held at Maple-
hurst, Muskoka, on Monday, August
14, is reported a decided success. The
grand march was conducted by Miss
Marjorie Blair of Ottawa and led by
Miss Baines of Toronto as "Britannia."
Mr. J. B. McLeod of Toronto as King
of Spades, and Miss Mabel Greening
of Hamilton as Queen of Spades, with
eight little pages, were among the most
admired characters.

Tourists—Travelers.
The most convenient way to carry
funds is by Travelers' Cheques. Value
in dollars with equivalents in foreign
moneys stated on each. No discount.
Efficient identification plan issued by
Dominion Express Co., Wellington and
Yonge streets. Money orders, foreign
cheques, travelers' cheques, letters of
credit, etc.

Alma was under the dining-table with
the cat. "What are you doing, Alma?"
the mother asked. "I'm pickin' him's
teef."

From Montreal and Ottawa comes
the news that the daughter of the
Bishop of Ottawa, Miss Mary Hamil-
ton, lately engaged by Mr. E. S. Wil-
lard to play in his company, has re-
signed to become leading lady in an en-
gagement of a much more romantic
nature. If Mr. Willard is in sympathy
with lovers (and no one who has seen
him in David Garrick can doubt it) he
probably smiled in his most engaging
manner and said, "Bless you, my child-
ren."

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The finest quality made—ask your grocer for it
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Will be pleased to know that Cook's
Turkish Baths, 202 and 204 King St.
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will make it the most up-to-date Bath
on the continent. Visitors to Toronto will find
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Rope Enough.

BY WILLIAM BUCKLEY.

It occurred on a peak of the Jungfrau, which is perhaps vague for earnest inquirers who want to know the exact spot, time, and quality of rope; but as I am about to relate some hitherto unrecorded facts connected with the incident this vagueness may not be without its charm. If Professor Abraham K. Greystone had not slipped while Pierre was steadying him on a hideously knife-like *arête* and sent us spinning across an ice-polished incline, bounded on all sides by fog, it would have happened all the same. At the moment I bore no malice, and this magnanimity was not lessened by a sudden, significant slackening of what threatened to become an unpleasantly strained relation—the rope had parted and Pierre vanished, apparently guiding the professor to a speedy solution of the boss riddle of humanity.

Lie strictly on your side along the outside edge of a sofa, imagine the floor a modest three or four thousand feet away—*la distance n'y fait rien*—and you will comprehend my bodily position. My mental attitude was one of suspended judgment. A little way the blue, snow-becked, flattened curve of ice and rock went up, then nebulous infinity, and beyond infinity, if you allow the expression, a star. It was the first time man's absolute nothingness in the face of creation came home to me, and although the result was sublimity I could have wished that the visit had been reserved for a less crowded epoch. The next thing that crossed the threshold of my consciousness was a steady "draw" on the rope from behind, someone was dragging me upward. I seconded the humane effort. "Steady," said Miss Greystone's voice in my ear, "keep your eyes skinned. Drink. Pop's bound to come out right side up."

After a pull at the brandy as strenuous as the lady's at the rope, I looked round. Florrie and I were clinging like wood-peckers on an angular ledge of twisted rock formed eons ago, apparently in sympathetic forethought for our plight. From Miss Greystone's waist the cord ran taut to a ridge. A face showed there suddenly, dim in the shifting fog, it was Leroy; there was another at his shoulder—Zimmer.

After the wittiest conversation ever held, if brevity be the soul of wit, we found ourselves in comparative safety again. Hans, our second guide, examined the frayed end of rope trailing from me and uttered a furious oath, then he tried the spaces between us. When he reached that between Miss Greystone and Leroy he appeared about to surpass himself, but his voice died in a long-drawn "Ach!" stunned by a bludgeon blow of amazement. I said to myself that Zimmer's strange forboding had been speedily realized, and was edging near him to restore the packet he had privately asked me to carry on our return journey when I was presented with a purely personal surprise—the muzzle of a revolver. Under the most favorable circumstances the view could not be described as extensive, and yet there was more than enough of it. Of course, I did the regulation thing.

"Captain Henry Dozer, I arrest you," said Leroy in cold, sharp English.

"What do you mean, Leroy?" I said. He made a statement I venture to suppress. No postscript ever showed a whiter face than Jones did; Zimmer turned green.

"If you are a detective, what is the charge?" demanded Miss Greystone.

"Forgery of bank notes and causing the death of two persons by cutting that rope," replied Leroy.

"I don't believe it," cried Florrie; "it's mean of you, Ben. The idea! He never touched the rope, and it's got to be proved that pop and the mountaineer are dead."

"You may put down your hands."



The BITE of the DAY

If you are preparing a banquet for any sort of occasion, don't forget MacLaren's Imperial Cheese. In every all-Canadian. It is the most delicious sandwich spread like butter. In a few minutes you can prepare with it the most delicious sandwiches of bread or crackers, or as easily serve it as a number of other ways. And always it is "the bite of the day," a piquant, delightfully flavored food that both sharpens the appetite and satisfies. Imperial Cheese never becomes hard or dry. Sold in small jars at all grocers, prices from 10 cents up. A.F. MacLAREN IMPERIAL CHEESE CO. LTD. Montreal, Quebec, and Toronto, Canada.

"Nothing Better."

continued Leroy, unheeding. "Ah, would you! Hold him, gentlemen."

In a moment I was secured, for people do not indulge in frantic struggles on a mountain slope tilted at an angle of thirty with nothing, and Leroy quietly drew from my pocket the identical packet Zimmer had given me. He felt, opened it, and laughed. "Just as I expected," he remarked, "plates and all." I spluttered an explanation; he laughed, so did the others. "Too thin," was the comment, "but you can reserve your defence. Get that rope off him, Hans. Good! Now fasten him between Herr Zimmer and Mr. Jones. I'll bring up the rear with Miss Greystone."

His orders were obeyed with alacrity, and I found myself a prisoner trudging wearily and warily in the footsteps of my captors, who by their manner evidently believed Leroy. Hans in particular was most offensive, and would have made no bones about throwing me over any of the precipices in which the district is so rich. However, I promised myself a speedy revenge once we reached the confines of civilization, and cursed my folly in accepting the comradeship of chance companions. Leroy was a man whose acquaintance I made casually at Bale, where he acted as interpreter to a party of English tourists of whom I made one. Oh, why had I not gone on with them to Turin instead of wasting my time at Grindelwald with Miss Greystone! Of Zimmer and Jones I had slight knowledge, being introduced to them by Leroy himself only the day before. I recollected now that what I did know was not to their credit. The thought of conspiracy did cross my mind, for any absurdity seemed possible in so badly-conducted a world, but I dismissed it. Who would conspire against a poor retired officer of Indian Irregulars? Bitterly I felt I was to blame more than anyone else for having fallen into the trap of the infernal Zimmer, who I believed now was the real culprit, and I cross-examined him for the benefit of the party as well as our position would allow, but he merely sneered; Jones prodded me brutally with his alpenstock and Leroy advised me to reserve my defence. Miss Greystone among the faithless was only faithful found, her conversation being streaked with references to the absent "pop" and incisive satire on the obtrusive Leroy.

We could hardly be described as a merry company when we reached the Eismeer, where we encountered a relief party signalled for by Hans the first moment the fog lifted, and at Grindelwald gendarmes took the places of my companions. I pass over the ensuing two days; they were the most anxious I ever spent. One point of light alone glowed in the gloom. Professor Greystone and Pierre were recovered from a snowdrift nothing the worse save for shock and exposure. On the third morning I learned that Zimmer and Jones had been arrested and that I was at liberty. Subsequently I received ample apologies from Leroy over an excellent breakfast.

"And now for the explanation," I said, lighting a cigar. "Quite simple," he replied. "For the past four years I have been on the track of a select gang of ruffians who have operated in every capital of Europe; two were English, the third German. When I had the honor of making your acquaintance at Bale I was close on their traces; when we met at Grindelwald they were in my company."

"Zimmer and Jones?" I asked. "Those were the names by which you knew them," he replied. "Then why not arrest the rascals on the spot?"

The great detective smiled. "You judge things from the military standpoint," he answered; "we work by more subtle methods. I had information that they were journeying to meet the third at Turin, the worst of the three, a man whose cunning goes to lunacy verge, so perfect an adept at disguise that he would conceal himself from himself."

"You interest me exceedingly," I said, and the passionless Jungfrau caught my eye through the open window.

"Naturally," replied Leroy, "you may be said to have a personal gratification in their capture."

"But you have your eye on this rascal at last?" I remarked, knocking off some ash.

He shook his head. "Chance favors him; he is almost unknown to his confederates, directing their movements from afar; Jones met him once, Zimmer never. And they wanted very much to meet him," continued Leroy, blowing a smoke wreath, "because he has secured the lion's share in their last great coup, the forgery of English bank notes and some on the Bank of France. You have no idea of the finished perfection of the plates. After their refusal to work with him longer he invited them to Turin, really, as they suspected, to get possession of those very plates, Zimmer being the artist. The chief's speciality was manufacturing the paper. They had run out of the supply and had to fall in with his suggestion."

"But why arrest me? Surely you believed that Zimmer gave me that wretched packet?"

"Do you recollect the rope? It did not break by accident. Feeling that they were being watched—how, I cannot tell—Jones, who was formerly a ropemaker, got at it before our ascent, opened the strands most artistically, and cut some inches of the core with a surgical scissors, rearranging the outer envelope so that it was apparently still solid and would indeed resist a moderate strain. It was done in two places to ensure its breaking. They suspected us both, but not knowing how many might be watching below, planted the plates on you so that they might be found on your body when the accident came off."

"It was providential."

"Yes—for Miss Greystone. If I had not seen the rope parting just at my hand it would have been serious. Then, understanding the desperate wretches with whom I had to deal, there was nothing left but to formally arrest you, get possession of the plates which I had seen Zimmer give you, and by putting you in their custody ensure the safety



TINTED VERNACULAR.

Cheerful Friend—You're looking a bit blue; did you get done on the last race?

Smith (gloomily)—Done brown.

Jones (moodily)—Strike me pink if we ain't a couple o' green 'uns!

of the party. Your detention enabled me to make absolutely sure, and when I struck this morning they practically confessed. Miss Greystone will never forgive me; perhaps I should have told you we were once acquainted. May I ask you to explain? And now, Captain Dozer," he continued, rising, "I am off to Turin. Will you accept this as some reparation?" And he tendered me an open envelope. It contained an English bank note for a tidy amount. I almost fainted; by the powers, it was one of our own.

Pulling myself together, I bowed and returned it. The call had been close enough. "Fortune has been kind to me," I said with my frank Saxon smile, "pray accept the little sum as an humble testimonial to the cleverness which effected the most difficult arrest I have ever known. For my own part, Monsieur Leroy, I shall need nothing to remind me of the most thrilling episode in a life not devoid of experiences."

An hour later the train was whirling me northward. The compartment was deserted, and having carefully shaved off the three days' stubble that had grown beneath my natty, iron-grey whiskers, now reposing on the stand before me, I kissed my hand to the retiring Jungfrau and tried to recollect Miss Greystone's Boston address.

The Domestic Barometer.

I do not like to hear my wife speak kindly words, nor do I see additional ecstasy in life when she begins to fondle me.

I'd rather hear the venom hoot, which I've been used to many a day. The gnash of teeth, the hurled "Brute!" And "Speak to mother right away!"

At matin meal 'tis joy supreme, when she, with frown of dire import, will hand me coffee, rolls and cream in silence, or with spousal snort.

But "Georgie dear"—and all that stuff—Quick renders me a total wreck; And "Have you sugar, dear, enough?" Is but a synonym for cheque.

THE HUSBAND.

The Two Best-Guarded Secrets.

"There are two trade secrets," said an artist, "that the outside world will never learn. One is a Chinese secret—the making of the bright and beautiful color called vermilion, or Chinese red. The other is a Turkish secret—the inlaying of the hardest steel with gold and silver."

"Among the Chinese and among the Syrians these two secrets are guarded

A Spoon Shaker

Straight From Cofferdom.

Coffee can marshal a good squadron of enemies and some very hard ones to overcome. A lady in Florida writes: "I have always been very fond of good coffee, and for years drank it at least three times a day. At last, however, I found that it was injuring me."

"I became bilious, subject to frequent and violent headaches, and so very nervous, that I could not lift a spoon to my mouth without spilling a part of its contents; my heart got 'rickety' and beat so fast and so hard that I could scarcely breathe, while my skin got thick and dingy, with yellow blotches on my face, caused by the condition of my liver and blood. I made up my mind that all these afflictions came from the coffee, and I determined to experiment and see."

"So I quit coffee and got a package of Postum, which furnished my hot morning beverage. After a little time I was rewarded by a complete restoration of my health in every respect. I do not suffer from biliousness any more, my headaches have disappeared, my nerves are as steady as could be desired, my heart beats regularly and my complexion has cleared up beautifully—the blotches have been wiped out and it is such a pleasure to be well again." Name given by Postum Co., Battle Creek, Mich. There's a reason.

well. Apprentices, before they are taken for either trade, must swear to reveal nothing of what passes in the workshop. These apprentices, furthermore, must belong to families of standing, must pay a large sum by way of premium, and must furnish certificates of good character and honesty.

"You have seen damascened steel, of course, and you have seen vermilion, or Chinese red. Remember, the next time you look at these two things, that their secrets have been guarded inviolably, and have been handed down faithfully from one generation to another for thousands of years."

Passing of Old Book Shops.

"They are going," said a dealer in pens, ink, picture cards and stationery; "in fact, they are gone, most of them, and the book lovers, the bibliomaniacs, as they liked to be called, have been lamenting for more years than one."

"I was reading the other day that to the book collector London is Mecca. The old shops, such as you're inquiring for, shops in which you're sure to find second-hand books marked down, and where you may pick up a rare volume now and then, are scattered all over London—Soho, Paddington, Bloomsbury, and Westminster—and they extend to Ham-mersmith and many of the towns in the suburbs; but you'll not happen upon large numbers of them in this country. Why? Because they no longer pay."

"I'm not sure they ever paid. There was a bare living in them, perhaps, but profits were small. The trouble is and was that people who flatter themselves that they're book collectors are and were nothing of the sort. They just browsed around in these little, musty stores from morning till night, and read in the dim, religious light that didn't light them—read themselves full year after year—at the expense of the proprietor. They didn't buy anything, these make-believe customers, and most of them couldn't. And so the old book stores that stood as landmarks for generations in some cities have gradually been passing away."

"Bibliomaniacs are left, to be sure, but a majority of them are men who go in for limited editions and expensive bindings. They are fond of books and they can't resist the temptation to make purchases beyond their means. They fall an easy prey to the canvassers, but they wouldn't support the old-fashioned second-hand book shops."

The Letter of the Bond.

In the ordinary way bluff old John Hopkins is as honest as the sunlight, but it is difficult for a man to rigidly adhere to a righteous upbringing and deal in horses at one and the same time.

At a horse fair recently a fine old crusted farmer approached him.

"Will that owd nag pull, sir?" he queried.

"My friend," said John quietly and sincerely, "I assure you that it would do you good to see that horse pull."

John was as well trusted as known, and the horse changed hands at his price.

As ill-luck would have it, he met the purchaser a week later, and the latter pounced upon him.

"What d'ye mean," he roared, in a voice of thunder—"what d'ye mean by telling me that horse would pull? Why, that spavined brute won't pull an empty dray!"

"My friend," said old John, "if you will reflect a moment you will remember that I said it would do you good to see that horse draw. And so it will, my friend—so it will."

"Mark my words," declared Mrs. Dorcas, laying down the law to her long-suffering helpmate, "by the end of the century woman will have the rights she is fighting for."

"I don't care if she does," replied Dorcas. "Do you mean it?" cried his wife. "Have I at last brought you round to my way of thinking? Won't you really care?" "Not a bit, my dear," returned her husband, resignedly. "I'll be dead then!"



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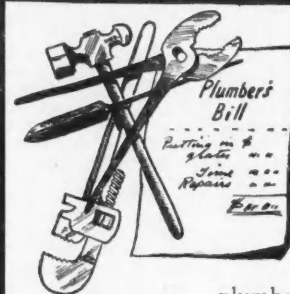
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Did you ever have your range grates burn out?

If you did you will know what that means in common ranges—it means plumbers, delay, muss and big bills

—because common ranges are built that way.

As range grates must some time burn out you are certain to have that kind of trouble if yours is a common range.

If you have the Pandora you won't have any trouble, because you can take out the old grates and put in the new ones in ten minutes, and a ten cent piece for a screw-driver does it easier in the Pandora than a whole kit of plumbers' tools will do it in common ranges.



A ten cent piece for a screw-driver is all you need to take out old and put in new Pandora grates.

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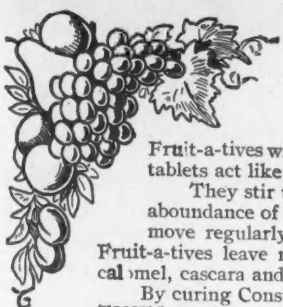
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When Constipation Poisons the System



Fruit-a-tives will set everything right. These fruit tablets act like magic on the whole digestive tract. They stir up the liver—make it excrete an abundance of bile. The bile makes the intestines move regularly and naturally every day. And Fruit-a-tives leave no constipating after-effects, like calomel, cascara and liver pills.

By curing Constipation to stay cured, FRUIT-A-TIVES purify the blood—clear the complexion—stop bilious headaches—help digestion—make you eat and sleep well.

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Fruit-a-tives are pure fruit juices in tablet form—the discovery of a well known Ottawa physician. They act so mildly that even the children may take them without griping or harsh pain. And Fruit-a-tives leave no astrigent after-effects.

If Constipation is your trouble, cure yourself with

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Before leaving on a hunting or fishing trip always include a few bottles of Carling's Ale in your provisions—it's the quickest and most effective cure for that tired, wearied condition that usually follows the outdoor holiday.

Carling's Ale is uniformly pure and brilliant.

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Carling's Ale



What it Costs to Keep a Yacht.

More money can be expended upon a big steam yacht than any other luxury, and it is a significant fact that the first step in the way of retrenchment by wealthy men, when they find the curtailment of their expenses necessary, is either by getting rid of their "floating palaces," or refraining from putting them into commission for a few seasons. Apart from the purchase price of a steam yacht, which is enormous, the cost of maintenance without any tendency towards extravagance is colossal. The personnel of many steam yachts

means an expenditure of over \$15,000 in wages only for six months, and in the case of a yacht being kept in commission all the year round this is doubled. The food and wine bill, especially if the owner does much entertaining, will make a hole in a small fortune, whilst the expenditure in coal each week is sufficient in some cases to maintain a mansion ashore. To keep a large steam yacht in style, an owner need set aside \$100,000 as a low estimate.

"If a man is naturally bad, education won't make him better." "No," but it will help him to keep out of jail."

On the Niagara Boat.

THE *Chippewa* had left the gap behind her and plunged into Lake Ontario, which was in an unusually bright mood and sparkled as innocently as if it had never broken down on beaches, swept away side-walks and done other riotous deeds against which the by-laws afford no protection.

"Grand, ain't it?" said a maiden in blue muslin to a friend in green linen. "A peach. Have a chocolate."

"Thanks! My, these were more than twenty-five a box. You don't fool me. Who give 'em to you?"

"Jim. He came pretty near comin' to-day, but he couldn't get off. He was round last night 'n' after he went away I just thought I'd keep these for this afternoon. Mother says she never saw such a fellow as Jim for bringin' candy."

"What d' he give you last Christmas?"

"A bottle of perfume an' one of those combs with turquoises an' a pocket-book."

"Land, he must have money to burn. But I can't stand a stingy man anyway. Gimme a boy that'll buy ice-cream soda an' cream dates an' bananas an' then ask if you wouldn't like to go out to Long Branch."

"But mother says that's the kind that don't save up to you."

"That don't matter. You don't want to get married till you're near thirty and then it's easy enough to find some one who's been practical and put some by. What does Jim get a week, Gladys?"

Gladys of the green linen turned indignantly upon her friend of the blue muslin. "Pearl Morrison, do you suppose I'd ask him such a thing?"

"Well," replied the unabashed Pearl, "if he hasn't told you that, he doesn't mean anything serious. When a boy tells you what he's gettin' an' how much he's tryin' to put away, an' when he says it takes an awful lot to live now, and that Toronto rents are a shame an' a disgrace, an' there ought to be decent places for young couples to live in at a moderate price, you can just bet your best collar with gold beads on it that he's goin' to propose the next Sunday night if you give him the chance."

"Men aren't all alike," said Gladys, with some resentment. "Anyhow, I know Jim thinks an awful lot of me an' I'd rather a boy would bring me chocolates and turquoise combs than save up for a house. There's time enough, an' it must be awful tiresome to have to cook for a man an' look after his clothes."

"But a girl that firts so much don't always get married."

"But look at the fun she has while she's firtin'!" Pearl solemnly considered this proposition while she selected another chocolate cream.

"I like 'em with those cherries on the top," she observed parenthetically. "Oh, yes, here's another one. Jim's all right."

"But what d'you mean by what you said about proposin' on Sunday night?" Pearl surveyed her with the scorn of the sophisticated.

"Gladys Roberts, you're about as green as your dress if you don't know that Sunday night is the very time when a man feels kind of homesick an' religious, an' as if he'd like to settle down in a cottage on most anywhere, so long as he can have a dear little wife of his own who will have everything bright an' shinin'."

"However talked to you that way?" said Gladys, almost letting the half-filled box go overboard.

A flush crept up to Pearl's extravagant pompadour. "Well, promise you'll never tell."

"Sure!"

"Now, Gladys Roberts, I'll never get over it if you tell Jim or anyone else."

"D'you suppose I tell Jim everything? I wouldn't breathe it to a soul for all the world." At the time Gladys really meant it, as do all her perjuring sisters.

"Well, you remember George Dennis?"

"That fellow who used to work at Boren's, an' blushed so easy? What! you don't mean he ever got spunk and enough to?" Gladys giggled and Pearl followed in the suit, the giggling occupying the space of five minutes, much to the discomfort of a clerical person who gazed severely at the convulsed maidens, and no doubt embodied his reflections in a sermon on the flippant spirit of the present age.

"Go on, Pearl!" said Gladys, dragging a lace handkerchief perfumed with white rose from her blouse and wiping her eyes. "But, my land, to think of George Dennis gettin' up nerve to talk that way to a girl. Gosh, but it's funny!"

"George was all right," said her friend, with a sense of injury; "of course his eyes were queer an' he blushed until he looked like a brick wall. I could have stood anything but the way his ears stuck out. You know what brothers are like. Well, the boys just made such fun of George that I could hardly look at him for laughin'."

"But what about the Sunday night?"

"Well, I'm comin' to it. You know George was different from most boys. He was awful respectful an' he actually brought a book one night an' read out of it. He believed in improv'in' our minds."

"It was a book about nature, about the lessons we could learn from flowers an' rocks, an' the queerest stuff you ever heard."

"I'm mighty glad Jim doesn't worry about our minds. I guess he thinks more about hearts." And again the giggle came into action.

"Then he gave me a present of a book about the simple life."

"That's the meanest thing I ever heard," said Gladys, with all mirth subdued in a glow of indignation. "If he wasn't going to give you a swell collar or something to eat, why couldn't he give you a real nice book?"

"That's what I say. If it had been one of Laura Jean Libbey's or Bertha M. Clay's! Don't you just love *Little Rosebud's Lover*? And there's another, but it's awful sad, *He Loved, But Was Lured Away*."

"Somehow, I don't seem to care so much for Laura Jean lately. I don't think for a real interesting yarn that just holds you so's you can't get away there's

anythin' like Marie Corelli. She's strictly high-class. Ever read *Thelma*? "No," was the rather shamed reply, "but I read *Vendetta*, and had a horrible nightmare; dreamed I was buried alive. They say her *Wormwood*'s just a peach—all about stuff called absinthe and suicides. I've been tryin' to get it for months."

"Well, you just try *Thelma*. The heroine is a perfectly beautiful blonde, and she lives in that country where they have the cutest kind of nights. There's been a lot about it in the papers lately—Norway—that's the name. And the hero is a dark, stern-looking Englishman—a lord, if I remember right. But do tell me what George said." Then they retired into a far corner and the curious passenger could only surmise from the giggles wafted from the wearer of the green linen and the girl in blue muslin that George must have been, as Pycroft would express it, "highly humorous."

THEKLA.



THOSE TIES THAT BIND.

The Rev. McClusky—Eh, mon, but I trust you're growin' reconciled to your hard lot.

Recalcitrant Prisoner—Why, bless yer little 'eart, boss, I'm quite attached to the place now.

A Blind Lead.

A handsomely dressed woman stood hesitatingly on the outer edge of the sidewalk, watching keenly for a chance to penetrate the maze of vehicles which surged between her and the opposite side of the street.

As she awaited her chance, a very gentlemanly voice at her elbow inquired with Raleigh-like gallantry:

"May I cross the street with you, madam?"

With joyous gratitude she murmured her acceptance. Her escort grasped her firmly by the arm, and together they plunged boldly into the wild vortex of vehicles.

In and out they threaded their way at peril to life and limb. It speedily became apparent to the woman and to several onlookers that the lives of the two venturesome pedestrians were in considerably more than common danger.

The man clearly made no effort of any sort to avoid cars, automobiles, nor the shafts of passing cabs. He dodged wildly about, regardless of the direction from which that particular moment's peril might be coming, almost fell under a horse's hoofs, and twice caromed off the yellow sides of hurrying trolley cars.

He dragged his panic-stricken companion with him, making no attempt to shield her or to guide her steps. In vain the frightened woman strove to shake off his grip and to find her independent way to the sidewalk. There was no freeing herself from that iron grasp.

Finally, by some miracle, the opposite curb was reached. Furious, the woman turned a withering gaze on her false guide and fairly hissed out the words:

"I have no thanks to you that we're not both run over! From the way you ran into danger, one would think you were blind!"

"I am," meekly confessed the man; "that was why I asked if you would let me cross the street with you."

Wrong Sort

Perhaps Plain Old Meat, Potatoes and Bread may Be Against You for a Time.

A change to the right kind of food can lift one from a sick bed. A lady in Weldon, Ill., says:

"Last spring I became bed-fast with severe stomach trouble accompanied by sick headache. I got worse and worse until I became so low I could scarcely retain any food at all, although I tried every kind. I had become completely discouraged, had given up all hope and thought I was doomed to starve to death, till one day my husband trying to find something I could retain brought home some Grape-Nuts."

"To my surprise the food agreed with me, digested perfectly and without distress. I began to gain strength at once, my flesh (which had been flabby) grew firmer, my health improved in every way and every day, and in a very few weeks I gained twenty pounds in weight. I liked Grape-Nuts so well that for four months I ate no other food, and always felt as well satisfied after eating as if I had sat down to a fine banquet."

"I had no return of the miserable sick stomach nor of the headaches, the sick I used to have when I ate other food. I am now a well woman, doing all my own work again, and feel that life is worth living."

"Grape-Nuts food has been a god-send to my family; it surely saved my life and my two little boys have thriven on it wonderfully." Name given by Postum Co., Battle Creek, Mich.

There's a reason. Get the little book, *The Road to Wellville*, in each package.

The Wolf-Willows' Secret.

SMALL bare feet pattered upstairs and tripped to my door. This announcement spluttered itself out, "Say, I found a bird's nest, and they are four little birds, just mitey, teeny things—in it!"

—the eyes shining and bulging with irrepressible glee added a world of significance to the words. Then Curly-boy, standing on one foot and clutching the bed-post, jerked out a confidential, "I'll take you where 'tis!" His warm, chubby hand in mine, he led me down the trail, past the golden clusters of pea-blossoms and purple clouds of vetches and white drifts of anemones, and over to where the grey wolf-willows grow. Then, with unerring steps, he parted twigs right and left and by and by stooped down, and with such a gentle hand bent the grasses aside—this while his eyes were so brimful of love and pride that I could think of nothing but a sweet young mother raising the soft shawls to show the wee baby's face. As we had approached, the parent-bird—one of earth's humblest brown morsels—had fluttered off a short distance and was watching our actions, the while her heart twitched painfully. I peered over Curly's shoulder and there lay a little mass of naked, palpitating life! Such a mysterious nestful of transparent, filmy skin ending in four wide-open mouths! Years dropped away by magic and a big child was watching breathlessly with the other curly one to see if there were necks and wings and feet enough to supply the quartette of ridiculously small, soft, squirming bodies. A distressful cry from the mother drove us away from the charmed little home, so infinitesimal a speck upon the wide prairie.

On the way home Curly's animated chattering about his "puppies" what had just wiggled their eyes open" made me wonder if it was worth his while to grow up and spend his enthusiasm upon other things than watching for every early wild-flower; tumbling around with the woolly, leggy lambs, and petting the callow, bronze-backed goslings. Will he learn to love higher things more passionately, or will he forget in the sweat and smoke of life's work—how to love unselfishly at all?

Will the gold of a girl's hair hold for him a charm half so inviolable as does now the duffiness of a little handful of a chicken? Will a day in his office pass half so fleetly as one spent now beside his basket of roguish kittens? O Christ! that all of us could fill the later hours with happy serenity and innocent merriment!

FELISE.

Told of Mr. Hay.

Secretary Hay was not without the saving grace of humor. In a speech before the Ohio Society, in New York, two years ago he facetiously traced his ancestry and descent. "I was born," said he, "in Indiana; I grew up in Illinois; I was educated in Rhode Island. I learned my law in Springfield, Ill., and my politics in Washington; my diplomacy in Europe, Asia and Africa. I have a farm in New Hampshire and desk room in the District of Columbia. When I look to the springs from which my blood descends, the first ancestors I ever heard of were a Scotchman who was half English, and a German woman who was half French. Of my immediate progenitors, my mother was from New England and my father from the South. In this bewilderment of origin and experience I can only put on an aspect of deep humility in any gathering of favorite sons and confess that I am nothing but an American."

Give and Take.

A Nationalist M. P. tells a good story. On one occasion, when engaged in canvassing, he visited a workingman's house, in the principal room of which a pictorial representation of the Pope faced an illustration of King William, of pious and immortal memory, in the act of crossing the Boyne.

The worthy man stared in amazement and seemed his surprise the voter's wife explained:

"Sure, my husband's an Orangeman and I'm a Catholic."

"How do you get on together?" asked the astonished politician.

"Very well, indeed, barring the 12th of July, when my husband goes out with the Orange procession and comes home drunk."

"What then?"

"Well, he always takes the Pope down and jumps on him, and then goes straight to bed. The next morning I get up early, before he is awake, and take down King William and pawn him and buy a new Pope with the money. Then I give the old man the ticket to get King William out."

Squelched.

He was an earnest student of modern literature, and the little man opposite would persist in trying to talk as the train moved on. After countering several conversational gambits, the student began to grow tired. "The grass is very green now, isn't it?" said the little man, pleasantly.

"Yes," said the other, "such a change from the blue and red grass we've been having lately." And in the silence that followed he began Chapter XII.

Spades Were Trumps.

He was an elderly son of the soil, and he had all the farmer's savage hatred of rates and taxes of every kind and description. To add insult to injury, a perky little Jack-in-office of a rate collector recently called for taxes he had already paid, but for which he had mislaid the receipt.

"And would you believe it, Bill," he said, when relating the incident later to a friend, "the fellow began to abuse me."

"Did he?" said Bill. "And what did you do?"

"Do? Well, I reconstrated with him."

"You did? To what effect?"

"I dunno exactly, but the shovel of broke."

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Young Doctor—They don't bleed people nowadays as they did thirty years ago, do they, Professor? Professor—Not with the lancet.



TORONTO SATURDAY NIGHT.

EDMUND E. SHEPPARD, Editor.

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The Drama

THE piece de resistance at Shea's this week is Justin McCarthy's clever little comedy of the 18th century, *Lady Betty's Highwayman*, with Mr. J. W. Albaugh, jr., as the dashing and debonaire Beau of Brooks, and Miss Olive May as Lady Betty Bassett, the reigning toast and light of the gallant Sir Harry's eyes. An innocent escapade with a little French milliner brings Sir Harry into disgrace with the lady, to the immense delight of the wits of the town. Stung by their quips Sir Harry makes a foolish wager of a cool hundred that he will dance with the haughty beauty before the week is out. To this end he circulates a story of the dancing highwayman, a graceless rogue who relieves men of their gold but exacts nothing less from ladies than the honor of their hand in treading a measure, and proceeds to enact the character himself, surprising Lady Betty on her return from the ball. How the wager is won and lost and the charming Betty takes vengeance on her importunate lover is enacted to the entire satisfaction of all concerned, including the audience. Of the other members on the bill, Louis Wesley caught the crowd, with a huge joke he managed to perpetrate soon after he came on the stage. Colby and Wray in their ventriloquist and dancing doll turn were also favorites. Some clever acrobatic work was done by the LaVine-Camaro trio, but Howard and Norh's skit, *Those Were Happy Days*, would have been improved by condensing, as might also a very fair turn of the Colby family. Genaro and Bailey appeared without Bailey, and some of the audience were of the opinion that the turn would have been just as well without Genaro, although his dancing was quite acceptable.

The Grand Opera House opened this week with a minstrel show. Haverly's minstrels were here last season, but their songs, music and business are new and they receive as much applause now as they did then. Messrs. Perrin, Somers, Joe Browne, Billy Pearl and Ered Russell are all quite entertaining. Billy Van is successful as a funny man, while Garden and Somers, xylophonists, and Marseilles, the gymnastic body twister, are very well received. *Moonlight in Dixie* concludes the performance. The setting is good and the house looks smart in its new paint and carpets.

What will undoubtedly constitute a big amusement event will be Klaw & Erlanger's eclipsing production of the greatest of the Drury Lane spectacles, *Humpty Dumpty*, the last week of the Fair at the Princess Theater, beginning Monday, September 4, and continuing out that week. This will be the only city in which this colossal stage presentation will be seen, and as we have never heretofore had a Drury Lane production in its entirety with the American original cast, more than ordinary interest will undoubtedly attach. There are a great many people who do not understand the significance of the term "Drury Lane." This is the theater from which all the great spectacles which Klaw & Erlanger have presented in this country for the past six years are originally conceived and staged. The Drury Lane Theater is in London, and is one of the oldest, largest and most pretentious of the world's playhouses. Here originated nearly all of the great spectacles which have ever been devised and played in English, and of late years, after their success in London is assured, they are imported to this country. *Humpty Dumpty* is the most pretentious and most stupendous of any of these undertakings. It is said to be the very climax of spectacular gorgeousness. Any presentation seen on this side of the Atlantic with the brand "Drury Lane" upon it may be depended upon for an extraordinary stage presentation and one which has caused the investment of thousands and thousands of dollars. With the enormous staff who handle the wealth of scenery accessories, the cast of acting principals, ballets, choruses, specialists, dancers, singers and pantomimists, 350 people are concerned in *Humpty Dumpty*.



PAYMENT IN ADVANCE.

Neighbor—Wot's 'e bin up to now, Mrs. Scroggins?
Mrs. Scroggins—Oh, 'e ain't dun nuthin' actual thees marnen; but 'tis early yet, an' 'e never can tell.—Sketch.

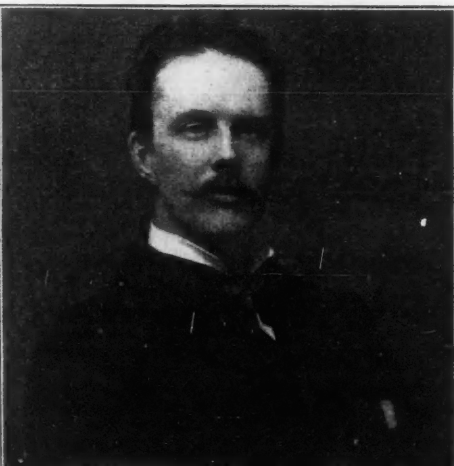


END OF ACT II. OF KLAU & ERLANGER'S MIGHTY BEAUTY SPECTACLE HUMPTY-DUMPTY AT PRINCESS, SEPTEMBER 4.

The Litterateurs of British Columbia.

WHEN the more solemn colleagues of the facetious Sydney Smith rejected his suggestion for a motto for the *Edinburgh Review*, what time that famous quarterly thunderbolt was at the forging, "We cultivate literature on a little oatmeal," they were mindful of the weighty judicial character of the magazine which they were about to launch upon the tempestuous sea of British Journalism, and so sought and found a device more comporting with the dignity of their ponderous organ.

There would seem to be a disposition on the part of more than one well-known writer of the present day to take for motto, "We cultivate the Muses on British Columbia climate and scenery," for the number of those gifted persons is increasing in the Mountain Province by the Pacific, particularly in and around Victoria, the lovely capital of British



MR. NEIL MUNRO,
Who is coming to British Columbia this summer to study the Indian.

Columbia. It is the home and has been the home of several men famous in the story-weaving line, and it is at least interesting to note their confession that much of their very best work has been done under the influence of the beautiful surroundings which they have found at Victoria.

It is little wonder that those dreamers of dreams and tellers of tales should find Victoria and its environs all for which the soul doth pine when it would hold sweet converse with itself, and then turn the films of those air castles into good, merchantable "copy" for the magazines or for the book publishers.

Not only is the air the year round redolent of the fragrance of ten thousand lovely blooms and softened by the zephyr from the South Pacific, the "chinook wind," but the setting of the place is beyond description inspiring. A comingling of the grand and the lovely, the blending of the alpine sternness of hoary summits with the sweet domestic beauties of the vale; the fusion of turbulent ocean with the mirror-calm of the lagoon. And over all a sky nearly always cloudless blue and filled with sunshine. Then again, Victoria is severed by sea from the storm and stress of the big outer world; the people have a pleasant faculty of minding their own business, and he who would write in solitude safe from noise and meddlesome neighbors finds in Victoria conditions meet to please his fancy.

There has lately been discovered dwelling peacefully and unknown amongst the people of Victoria, in a modest shelter ye'pt by himself "The Shuck o' Dreams," the well-known young writer, Mr. Vincent Harper, whose multitudinous contributions to the American magazines prove that he is not only gifted beyond the rack, but a man of prodigious industry. Mr. Vincent Harper, who is an Englishman yet in his twenties, came hither from Sydney, Australia, and had paid for a first-class passage from that city through to London, England. He sauntered up town while the steamer was at the outer wharf, Victoria, intending to spend a couple of hours in seeing the place. He allowed the steamer to pass on to Vancouver without him, intending to remain in Victoria a few days. That was two years ago or more, and Mr. Harper is here still. When he will resume his wanderings he knows not, but at present he has no intention of moving on. For more than a year Mr. Harper has been sending out all kinds of work to the magazines, and he is also busily engaged on a novel, to be called *The Mortgage on the Brain*, a psychological study dealing with some fascinating mental phenomena. Mr. Harper freely confesses that the charm of Victoria threw its spell irresistibly over him even in that short walk from the ocean docks to the center of the city. If he did not murmur "Je suis; je reste!" he thought and felt it; at any rate he has done so in fact. To show that Victorians go along unpryingly it is worth remarking that even Mr. Harper's closest neighbors were not aware of his presence, nor had the slightest inkling that a man of some celebrity was working amongst them every lawful day, and thinking hard on Sundays, until a scribe-sleuth from one of the local newspapers, in search of "scoops," alighted upon Mr. Harper's humble doorstep and was bidden with hearty welcome to enter. Mr. Harper confessed that he has found

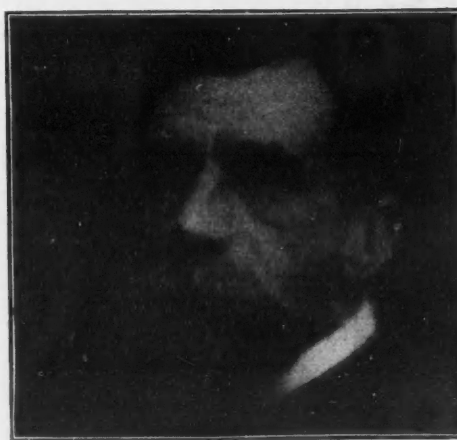
the conditions for carrying on serious literary work to be nearly perfect in Victoria. He has been a world-wanderer, and he should know something about differences. It is probable that Mr. Harper will remain in Victoria until he has completed some further important work, but his plans for the future are on the knees of the gods.

The Mortgage on the Brain stirred up much local feeling in Victoria, owing to its strong Socialistic and free thought statements, the uncompromising way in which religious questions are handled by the author giving many excellent persons severe qualms. Mr. Harper is now hard at work on a new socio-psychological novel to be entitled *The Crusts*, dealing, without gloves, with the upper and lower crusts of society. His output of short stories is amazing, both in quantity and high average of excellence. Mr. Harper's literary output is all handled for him by a well-known New York literary commission merchant, who "places" the work. Mr. Harper's plan of work is much like that of the elder Dumas. He thinks out the whole story carefully; then, writing at top speed, gets it on paper in a few hours. He works at tremendous pressure, and this tells heavily on his nerve reserves. He is a short, slender, dark man of sanguine temperament, rapid speech, quick and nervous in all his motions, and with a head reminding one of certain portraits of E. A. Poe.

It is interesting in connection with the discovery and invasion of the privacy of Mr. Vincent Harper by the eyes and ears of the public (the pressmen), to note that not so long ago Mr. David Christie Murray occupied a little cottage at Esquimalt, near by, and there wrote one of his best novels. Then the celebrated Morley Roberts, the author of that dreadfully outspoken book, *The Western Avenger*, was here for a while, although he let Victoria down very lightly in his sweeping condemnation of the West. Another noted writer and creator of magazine types who has wrought some of his good things in British Columbia is Mr. Cutcliffe Hyne. He lived near New Westminster for a time.

Then, another writer of note, Mr. Neil Munro, has completed arrangements to come to British Columbia this summer for the express purpose of studying the Indians, their history, legends, traditions and habits, with a view to literary uses. Mr. Munro visited British Columbia two years ago, with a party of British journalists, and was delighted with Victoria especially. Mr. Munro is one of the busiest of literary men, and has always a *magnum opus* on the stocks. His publishers are Messrs. Blackwood. Mr. Munro also does editorial and special writing for the *Glasgow Evening News*, a paper on which he achieved a good deal of his fame, and with which he has been connected for many years.

Of the British Columbia writers who may be described as old-timers, settled residents, and who are doing excellent work in their several lines, Captain Clive Phillips Wolley is probably the dean. He is the author of half a dozen stirring novels dealing with hunting and frontier life, and also of several poems which have given him his truest fame; notably, *The Sea Queen Wakes*, one of the strongest calls to the defenders of the Empire since Thomas Campbell's time, and, according to those elect to judge such matters, quite equal in matter and form to anything to be found in Kipling. Cap-



CAPTAIN CLIVE PHILLIPS WOLLEY.

tain Wolley is owner of a whole island, Piers Island, in the Gulf of Georgia, and there he now does most of his literary labor. His best work, however, has all been done in Victoria.

Living in Victoria, hale and hearty in spite of his advanced age, is Mr. D. W. Higgins, author of the collection of pioneer tales entitled *The Mystic Spring*. Mr. Higgins was for many years editor of the *Victoria Daily Colonist*, and was Speaker of the Provincial Legislature so long that many people still call him from force of habit Mr. Speaker Higgins. The fine old writer is again busy on a novel, which is soon to be published. He is a perambulating cyclopaedia of knowledge concerning the early times in British Columbia; his memory of facts, scenes, characters and occurrences which have come under his notice during his long life, is simply prodigious. Long practice in the editorial chair has given Mr. Higgins a style at once crisp and concise and continuously interesting.

In Vancouver City there is one author who has done a good deal of excellent work, and is now busily engaged on more, Mrs. Henshaw. Her pen pictures of society life and

her descriptions of British Columbia scenery have won her deserved encomiums from the discriminating. Much good work is looked for from Mrs. Henshaw.

Another young author who lives in Victoria and has already given fair earnest of the quality she possesses, is Miss Nellie de Bertrand Lugrin, daughter of Mr. Charles H. Lugrin, formerly editor of the *St. John, N.B., Telegraph*, later of the *Seattle, Wash., Telegraph*, and *Victoria, B.C., Colonist*. Miss Lugrin has contributed some fine work to magazines in Canada, the United States and England. Her success with those stories and sketches is not surprising, for she writes with a charm of style somewhat unusual even in regular contributors to the magazines. For a beginner Miss Lugrin has done work that many a veteran might be proud to own. Undoubtedly this clever young Canadian writer will win for herself a high place among the authors of her country.

Madge Robertson, a lady who achieved high honors with her pen not only in the Eastern Canadian cities, but also in New York City, where she lived as a professional litterateur for a considerable time, is living at the William Head quarantine station, near Victoria, her husband, Dr. A. T. Watt, being the superintendent of that well-known institution. Mrs. Watt, unfortunately, has laid aside her brilliant pen and is doing no literary work of any kind. It is a pity, for she unquestionably is the star of all our Western writers. That, at all events, is an opinion held by a great many of those who should know something about such matters.

T. L. GRAHAM.

(Other writers will be dealt with next week.—Ed.)

As Usual.

A fond mother sent her small boy into the country and after a week of anxiety received the following letter:

"I got here all right, and I forgot to write before. It is a very nice place to have fun. A fellow and I went out in a boat, and the boat tipped over and a man got me out and I was so full of water that I didn't know nothing for a long while."

"The other boy has to be buried when they find him. His mother came from her home and she cried all the time. A horse kicked me over, and I have got to have some money to pay the doctor for mending my head. It was broken a bit."

"We are going to set an old barn on fire to-night, and I am not your son if I don't have some real fun. I lost my watch and am real sorry. I shall bring home some snakes and a toad, and I shall bring home a tame crow if I can get 'em in my trunk."

Poor Nick.

The Czar is in a quandary—
He's tired of much advice;
He'd like to carry on the war
But can't—he lacks the price.
He'd like to make a lasting peace,
To give the Japs a slice,
And pay a big indemnity—
No chance—he lacks the price.

W. F. W.

At the Seaside.

Young ladies with a fondness for infantile admirers should be warned by an episode at a seaside resort last summer.

An engaging masculine of seven years became on exceedingly good terms with the belle of their particular hotel, a girl about twenty years his senior. One day the charmer asked the swain to go bathing, and after the bath, as they returned to their bathhouses, the small man suggested a race to see who could dress first. They entered the bathhouses, which adjoined, and in a short time a youthful treble called, "Miss Ethel, oh, Miss Ethel, I've got my stockings on."

A low contralto answered, "Yes, Robbie, so have I."

After a short pause the irrepressible again called, "Miss Ethel, I've got my shoes on."

Again came the answer, "Yes, dear, so have I."

Again a pause—then a triumphant voice shrilly proclaimed, "Miss Ethel, I've got my pants on."

The answering silence was oppressive.

Fond of Lamb.

A Southern guest at a Canadian summer resort was expatiating on certain customs of old Virginia.

"You know," he said, to a lady listener, "that wherever a Virginian is buried, a bed of mint is sure to grow."

"Why, I didn't know Virginians were so fond of lamb," was the innocent reply that drove the mixer of juleps away in search of his favorite leaf.

According to reports a young man of Decatur has been getting in trouble over an old game. The young man purchased two thousand cigars which he had insured for their full value, smoked them up and demanded the insurance. The suit was easily won in the courts, but he was afterwards arrested for setting fire to his own property.

Magnate (to would-be son-in-law)—Your debts are ten thousand dollars, you say? Then I must take time to consider your proposal. *Suitor*—But while you're considering, the debts will be increasing!

Original Contributions

The Farm Boy's Sky.

FOUR days more and a select circle of people from two continents will be watching the total eclipse of the sun up in Labrador way. Several Torontonians are among the number. There are several other citizens of Toronto to whom a good square look at the sun under the moon's shadow would be a luxury. Generally speaking, the bigger a city gets the less it looks at the sky. There are so many people and horses, street cars and automobiles and vehicles of all descriptions on the streets nowadays, that a man who looks at the sky, unless he is waiting for a night car, is considered a lunatic. There are probably a hundred thousand people in this city who don't see more than ten acres of the sky in a week, unless they happen to take a trip on the lake. The main use in looking any higher than the chimneys these days is to make sure whether the umbrella may be left in the hall rack or not. Even that is going out of fashion. It's so much handier to look at the "probs" in the daily newspaper. What Stupart says, goes. Only in cases of extreme doubt do people look at the sky for verification.

Some of us persist in forgetting what we have missed by ignoring the sky. Not so very long ago many of us read the clouds a good deal more religiously than we do the daily newspaper now. Out on the old farm there wasn't any daily paper. The weekly came on a certain day and it contained nothing about the weather. We knew by the lines of the cirrus cloud over the bush just about how many hours it would be till the hired man could repeat to himself the old ditty, "More rain, more rest, suits the hired man best." A red sunrise was an omen of rain. Some of us haven't seen the sun rise in any color for ten years. A sun-dog in the morning meant a big blow of some kind before night. A circle round the moon indicated some sort of storm before long; just how many days depended somehow on the number of stars inside the ring—on about the same principle that the number of nails in a found horseshoe was the number of years before the finder would be married. The way the maples along the road turned up the whites of their leaves on a hot day too, was some sign of a change in the weather. The old man's rheumatism was a better sign. Even the call of the "Bob White," the hoop of the mourning dove on a cloudy day or the song of the catbird in the grove at twilight was spelled out by the folk in the old farmhouse as having a straight bearing on the brand of weather that would be served up to a patient community in a few days. But the sky was the great book of signs, and somehow in our haphazard fashion we knew it as well as we knew the face of the old homestead. The long purple light on the hills had a whole load of indefinable meaning. The big white shoulders of the fair-weather clouds in the west made us bow our backs with a great cheerfulness to the binding of the sheaves by hand. A leery-looking sunset and a waterish moon made the lads "stump" the old man to haul in wheat till midnight, for it would surely rain to-morrow. And though we didn't know beans about the constellations, we had a sort of reverential use for the Dipper and the North Star when we got lost in the woods and came out miles from home on the wrong concession with only one coin.

All these are in the first chapters of our book. Nowadays we habitually forget their significance because we have got into the habit of looking at the daily paper for the "probs," and so long as the rain doesn't spoil either a hat or a holiday we don't usually care a continental whether it rains or not. Yet the sky is all there just as big and full of meaning as it was in our boyhood days on the farm. Once in a while when an eclipse comes along we suddenly get interested in the sky again. Then we begin to remember that in some sort of dim fashion there was a whole lot of mute religion in the way we studied the sky out on the farm. Thank heaven for an eclipse once in a while!

So Sudden.

The Sultan of sunny Sulu
All American styles would pursue;
He proposed without malice
To radiant Miss Alice,
But the lady said, "Oh, it won't do."

J. G.

Looking for White Poles.

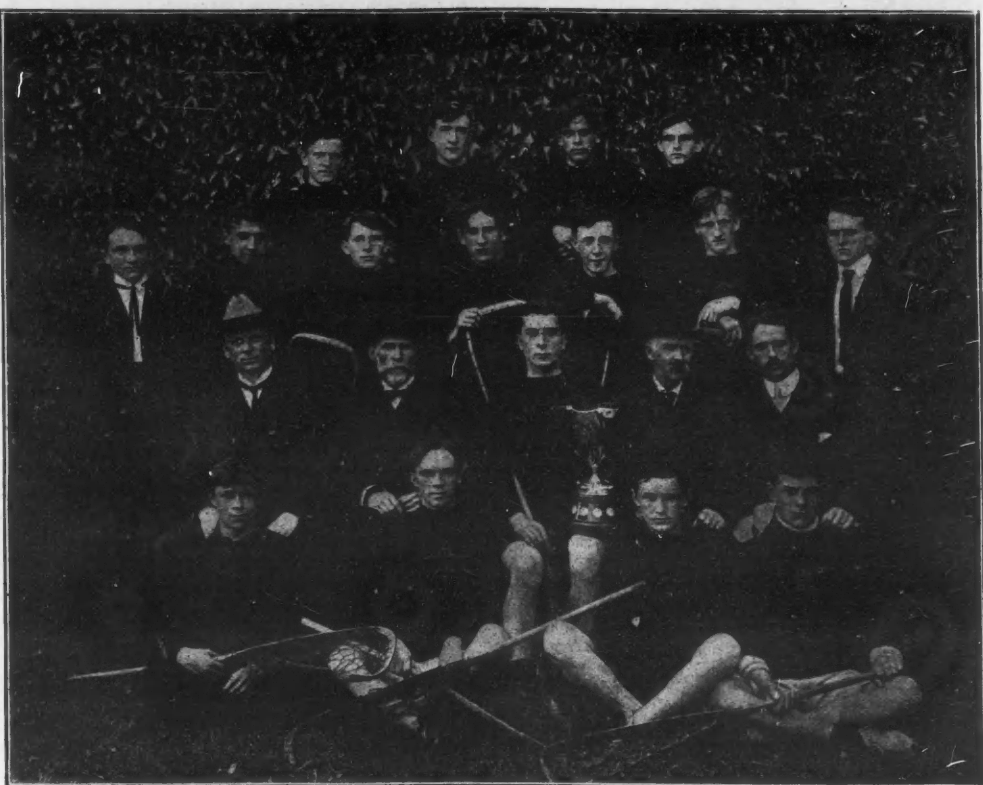
NEXT week many thousands of people will be in this city to see the Exhibition. Most of these visitors will require to use the street cars. With cars taxed beyond actual capacity there are two features of the present management likely to cause trouble. There is a strict rule, for instance, against riding in the vestibule. The odds are that less than two per cent. of the visitors will know anything about that rule. Nobody doubts its necessity. Neither, so far as recent experience is concerned, does any one doubt that the rule will be strictly enforced. But how are the visitors to know this without finding it out after a squabble with the motorman long enough to tie up a whole line of cars? Items in the newspapers will scarcely suffice. The public should know from looking at a car that riding in the vestibule is not allowed. A placard might answer the purpose. But of course that's the company's own business.

There is another feature of Mr. Fleming's aggressive management that needs placards or semaphores, or some sort of attention-arresting contrivance. The decision to paint poles white at all stopping-places was considered a clever device. Any man not absolutely blind or bigoted is supposed to know white from black. Personally I think I should know a snowbank from a coal-heap, but I confess that Fleming's white poles don't impress me with any great degree of authority. The poles are white all right enough—when you find them. But there are a few questions in optics which Mr. Fleming might answer for the sake of a public who don't always happen to see through his spectacles. On Yonge street there is a pole of one kind or another about every thirty feet. All these poles are in a straight line. Some of them are a foot thick—not the white ones. Looking fair along the right side of the street at a telephone pole a foot thick two blocks distant, what chance has an ordinary pair of eyes to see a slender white pole six feet behind it? On an average Toronto street at night what chance has an average person of seeing a six-inch streak of white two blocks distant? Some of these white poles on residential streets are placed back of the curb line. At this time of the year they are almost totally hidden by the leaves. What kind of spectacles does Mr. Fleming recommend in order to see these poles without walking a block or two on a prospecting tour? Again, how is it possible, except by an act of faith, to see a white pole on a street where there is nothing white except the arc light or the sidewalk? These are a few optical illusions which, puzzling as they still are to the regular patrons of the cars, will be a dizzy conundrum to some thousands of visitors during the next two weeks. Of course one of these days the leaves will be down and some of these bushful white poles will be visible without a telescope. After a while will come a driving storm of wet snow. Looking from windward every pole in Toronto will then be white. In that case cars will be stopping all the time and will never get anywhere until after a thaw. These rudimentary distinctions between white and black or white and any other color may be very clever, but there are bound to be circumstances under which almost any man, even if he doesn't belong to the Street Railway Company, will be ready to swear that black is white.

The Ruling Habit.

Senator Mason of Illinois tells this one: "Out in Chicago we have a police justice who was formerly a bartender. Mary Mulcahy was up before him for drunkenness on the occasion of his first appearance on the bench. The justice looked at her for a minute, and then said sternly:

"Well, what are you here for?"
"Plase, yer honor," said Mary, "the copper pulled me, sayin' as how I was drunk. An', yer honor, I don't drink, I don't drink!"
"All right," said the justice, unconsciously dropping into his old habits, "All right, Mary; have a cigar."



PARKDALE COLLEGIATE INSTITUTE LACROSSE CLUB.

From a Peak in Darien.

The Adventures of Cockney Christopher, the Second Discoverer of America, as revealed in a series of letters to his friends in England.

THE editor does not hold himself responsible for the opinions expressed in these letters, whose form, substance and orthography he has retained in all their original bloom or blooming originality. It is not for him to gild refined gold or paint the lily. Though lacking somewhat in the matter of spelling, he would suggest that the correspondent was gifted with a fine ear, and, being perhaps fonder of hearing the sound of his own voice than of

she'd 'ave 'ad to write it out on paper for a fellow like Alf before 'e could 'ave taken it in—what?

That reminded me of your chum. Yqu told me to look after 'im, so I went below and found 'im groanin' awfully and told 'im to buck up. But it was no use. It didn't seem to comfort 'im a bit.

Then I strolled into the smokin' room and found some Canadian fellows who were returning from a trip to the "Old Country" as they call it. Well, they began arstin' me a string of silly questions about the British Museum, Westminster Abbey and the other stale old places that I 'eard of when I was a kid and never since. Flummuxed me, dear boy, until I got riled at last, and then they 'ad the cheek to round on me and say I didn't know my own country. Pretty good, eh? Coming from visitors, too, at that. So I turned to, you may bet, and turned on the tap about the Wonderland Boxin' Shows, and the big wheel at Earl's Court, and the Tower at Blackpool and the race meetin's, and the Music 'All stars, and 'ad 'em all larin' but wild to think they 'ad not met me in London to show 'em round a bit, though they tried to put it off by sayin' that they 'ad all them things in Canada and only went to Europe to see the interestin' things, 'istory and all that. Bit thin, eh? What do you think? "Somethin' interestin' you want?" sez I, pretty cool. "Well, I'll give it to you." And with that I told 'em abahit our fight in Old street, Shoreditch, when you and me outclassed the 'Oundsitch Chick and the Brummagem Bantam; and I didn't draw the line at a bung or two. Oh, I tell you I gave it to 'em in the neck. At that a middle-aged buffer with a beard turned very grave and sez to another fellow, "That mention of Old street reminds me, Jack, of that affair of mine on Young street (Yonge street—Ed.) and he brought out a revolver and began to examine it. "Blood feud?" sez I, carelessly, just to let 'im see I was up to all them things. "Yes," sez 'e, "to the death." "Shoot on sight?" sez I—I could see I was beginnin' to make an impression on them. "Yes," sez 'e, "shoot on sight." They seen at once I was no hignoramus, and so I let fall a little advice tellin' 'im to be sure to get the drop on the other fellow, and 'e said 'e would make that 'is haim. They seemed fairly sensible chaps.

Then Alf crawled up from below and began gassin' abahit farmin' and all that rot and 'ad them givin' 'im advice and all that, and I 'ad to clear out because I couldn't stand the sickenin' sight no longer. I tell you what, old boy, in strict confidence between you and me, 'e's no good. You said 'e was a bit of a milkop. A worm I calls 'im; and I tell you what, you mustn't 'old me responsible if 'e turns out a rank failure. I'm always ready to give 'im my advice, but 'e'll listen to any bloomin' stranger before me. Seems to 'ave no spirit.

Well, at last we got to Montreal, and just when we (or rather the others) 'ad begun to find their sea legs they 'ad to set to and find their land legs again. Honor bright, old man,



COCKNEY CHRIS

exercising his visual organs in the reading of books, set down his ideas in accordance with his utterance rather than in harmony with the recognized rules of orthography. In this age of Chesterfields, when the art of letter-writing is being revived in the public press, the editor is glad to think that he was able to procure the opinions of this wonderful discoverer in their original epistolary form, which, though not written, like those of self-made merchants, etc., with a view to publication, are the more valuable for that as being the natural outpourings of a friend to his friends.

With regard to the contents, they are their own advocates, the editor wishing merely to point out the unique opportunity now offered to the people of this country to see themselves as they are seen by this illustrious follower of Columbus. There is no one with heart so dead but will glow with ardor as he reads the tale of exploit and discovery hereafter set forth until he feels like

"Some watcher of the skies
When a new planet swims into his ken,
Or like stout Cortez when with eagle eyes
He gazed at the Pacific, and all his men
Looked at each other with a wild surmise,
Silent upon some peak in Darien."

Montreal.

Dear Old Chappie,—

You will of course be longing to hear the news about me. I tell you that immediately the steamer left the landing-stage at Liverpool I began to see what colonial life was. Three meals a day was all they 'ad on board—breakfast, dinner and tea. They gave us a sort of a supper abahit 8, but, good Lord, after the first day not 'arf the passengers never knew or cared whether the cloth was laid or not.

I can assure you, Bert, old boy, that we 'ad the roughest passage you ever seen. Your chum Alf was bowled over at once. You know I'm a bit of a traveller myself. I crossed the briny twice to Ostend and Boulogne, and I guess (you see 'ow American I'm gettin' already) that I'm pretty well 'ardened; but I'll let you know, old bird, that even I began to feel a bit shaky somewhere under my 'eart. There was no 'owlin' winds, no rain, no lightning, but just the big rollers comin' up like a march past at Aldershot. And all the while the waves was knockin' us abahit something cruel; the sun never stopped shinin'. It was like a man smilin' into your eyes and givin' you backhanders across the mug every now and again. But I stuck to the railin's at the side, you take my word for it, and 'eld a kind of review of the serried ranks of billows (I knocked off that bit of poetry on my own) and thought out a good joke. The deck was a scene of 'orror if there never was one before, and every now and then I would nip across and yell: "Dinner, ladies and gents, comprised of greasy soup, fat pork and custard pie." It was enough to make a cat laugh. But they just turned over and groaned. Not one of them had a smile in them. Some people can't appreciate nothin'.

The third evening out I twiggid a smart little frock settin' in a deck chair alone, lookin' very pale and limp, so to make a bit of conversation I arst 'er if she 'ad 'ad tea yet and she smiled at me pretty sweet, my boy, and answered, "Au contraire, monsieur" (that's French for "On the contrary, sir.") You know I did Paris last Bank Holiday, and of course I tumbled at once that she meant she had dined. They call their evening meal dinner and not tea. A bit toney, eh? It doesn't take me long to get the 'ang of their new ways and names. I'm as adaptable as a Jap, you know that. Now



the dock seemed to 'eave beneath our feet far worse than the boat ever did and we went reelin' about like a gang of bloomin' pirates—in grave danger of arrest as boozers if a bobby 'ad bin 'andy. Well, too-ri-loo for the present, likewise pip, pip. I'll let you know 'ow the country strikes me in my next.

Your friend,

CHRIS.

P.S.—Remember me to Sid and Little Mac and the rest of our set.

An Old Story—But Seasonable.

Apples green—
Little lad—
Funeral private—
Very sad.

—W. F. W.

A Willing Subject.

The train was just about to move out of the station when an elderly female hurried up and sat herself down in the smoking carriage. She did not discover her mistake for some minutes, as she was too busy regaining her breath. Presently she noticed the man beside her puffing away on a more than black cigar. Then did she call the conductor and asked him if there was any room in any other part of the train. He replied that every seat was taken. With a sigh she relapsed into her seat.

The clouds of smoke at her side grew thicker and thicker until she almost choked. At last, with a withering look at the man beside her, she burst out:

"Sir, if you were my husband I would poison you."

With a smile the man took the cigar from his mouth.

"Madam," he replied, "if you were my wife I would take the draught willingly!"

By the Way.

IN British affairs the most interesting event of recent occurrence is the resignation of Lord Curzon as Viceroy of India, followed by the appointment of Lord Minto to that lofty office. If one tried to get any idea of the latter's fitness for the position from the press of this highly-favored land he would become sadly bewildered, for while one editor declares that the former Governor-General of Canada is a person of mediocre attainments and no tact whatever, another enlightened scribe is of the opinion that Lord Minto's common-sense and good judgment will fill a long-felt want at Simla. There will be one blessed relief about the whole affair. No longer will the Chicago and other Western journals be filled with nonsensical paragraphs about the surpassing charms and marvellous influence of the "Viceroy." The term or title is believed to have sprung from the brain of an Illinois city editor. Many United States publications referred to Lady Leiter-Curzon as representing King Edward in India. Women are acquiring their "rights" at an alarming rate in these days, but England has hardly arrived at the point of sending a daughter of Levi to represent the British Crown. Lady Curzon has no doubt been an admirable helpmeet to the Viceroy in the social duties of his office, but she has displayed no greater ability than others who have been in her position; in fact, Lady Dufferin showed far more courage and *finesse* in carrying out such measures as the "Fund for medical aid to the Women of India." In connection with the situation there is a poem among Kipling's *Departmental Duties and Other Verses* entitled *One Viceroy Resigns*, that is curiously pertinent in some lines to present circumstances. Lord Dufferin, speaking to Lord Lansdowne, says:

"You shouldn't take a man from Canada
And bid him smoke in powder-magazines."
But with Russia at the mercy of Japan's demands,
India is less a powder-magazine than she was in the Dufferin days. It would be discouraging, at least, if a new Viceroy were to believe in this description of the people of Hindustan—

"You'll never plumb the Oriental mind,
And if you did it isn't worth the toil.
Think of a sleek French priest in Canada;
Divide by twenty half-breeds. Multiply
By twice the Sphinx's silence. There's your East."

The whole poem sparkles with the political wisdom of the man who has learned the difficult art of smoking in the powder-magazine and flicking the cigar-ash out of the window. But the reader wonders if the departing Viceroy would say, with Kipling's Dufferin:

"I followed Power to the last,
Gave her my best and Power followed Me.
It's worth it—on my soul I'm speaking plain,
Here by the claret glasses!—worth it all."

A most distressing announcement was made in Detroit last week at a gathering of international importance. A speaker declared that woman was destined to be the ruling sex in industrialism and made this pessimistic prophecy: "Man, like the Indian, is dying out and being driven out." We are rapidly drifting to the age of the eternal feminine when man will be a back number, forced to the soil and those fields of labor where only physical endurance will save him in the struggle for survival." This is the very saddest prediction that woman has yet heard, and would be justly depressing if the gentleman meant it. But it is like Dr. Osler's chloroform proposition, just a playful little aside to set the newspapers and people who read them wondering if the speaker were really well-informed on the subject. Then the lecturer proceeded to scold about the wicked ways of society, declaring, "Society has mothers who are slaves to the siren calls of fashion and frivolity." The fashion of right-feeling always being held up to the scorn and censure of right-feeling persons. Jokes that must have been old when Methuselah was young are daily perpetrated about her not knowing the names and faces of her own children. But what about the fashionable father? Is he such a paragon papa that he needs no sermons, no public address? The modern woman is exceedingly wilful, it must be admitted, and is determined that clubs and cigarettes shall not be exclusively masculine consolations. Of course she deserves a scolding, but so does her "wayward partner." Eve was not happy until she ate the best part of the forbidden fruit, but Adam was an awful sneak to tell about it. And then man says in his superior way, "A woman can't understand our ideas of honor." Poor dear Adam! He was a weak brother, but he had many lovable qualities. If it should be true that man is to be driven back to the soil he will soon find woman asking for a position in the dairy or in the field, and then his troubles will begin all over again.

But of all the scathing criticisms ever put into modern print, is there anything else quite equal to Miss Ida Tarbell's attack on John D. Rockefeller? Surely no face was ever more mercilessly described and dissected. He deserves it all, for never was there a more canting hypocrite than the man whom *Life* pictures as John the Baptist. Yet we feel as if the Standard Oil man were being flayed before us as we read the lines that scarify. Her pen seems to be a whip that leaves the subject torn and bleeding. But what does John the despoiler of the poor think of it all? Probably his pastor and other kind friends have written him letters of sympathy, assuring him that his money is being used for noble ends. They point to the University of Chicago, where tainted money is turned into good parchment and science cleanses commercial methods. They suggest that his contributions to foreign missions could not be made by a man who has not "the root of the matter." Lawson's *Frenzied Finance* articles are more exciting than convincing, and his literary style is of the dime novel order. But Miss Tarbell has a deadly earnestness, a finality of condemnation, that strike a chill to the heart of even the casual reader and evoke the exclamation, "I'm glad I'm not Rockefeller." The only feminine aspect of her work is its relentlessness. A man could hardly have forgotten so completely the "business" aspect of Rockefeller's methods and considered only the supreme selfishness that permeated them. But, with all its severity, there is nothing hysterical about the article. It is terribly deliberate from first to last. What did I think when I finished it?" said an interested reader. "Why, that the chap with the queer name who shot McKinley four years ago aimed at the wrong man."

"I've been spending my holidays in a hammock in an old orchard near the lake," said an enthusiastic, brown-faced woman who returned to the city this week, looking three shades darker and ten years younger. "And if you won't tell," she continued, "I wore a pink kimono most of the time."

"But what did you do?" was the question of an active young person who could not imagine a summer without golf and a regatta.

"I didn't do anything but read some old books. I hate that 'old' idea. We hear too much about it altogether, and I wish it were only in the future tense. I read Jane Austen's *Pride and Prejudice* and George Eliot's *Middlemarch*, and Ki-lesley's *Westward Ho!* I didn't read a newspaper or hear a street car or smell an automobile for four heavenly weeks. There's nothing like an old orchard. The rest of you may go paddling or run about the links until you're perspiring and red-faced, or play bridge until you haven't a friend left, but give me a hammock on the old farm."

"Where's the farm?"

"I'm not going to tell, for then it will be spoiled by noisy families. It's not forty miles from Toronto, but it's the real Arcadia and I have reduced rates. Just think of all the poetic things you've read about the country and you will have some idea of where I've been."

"It must have been fearfully slow," said the active person, but she looked rather envious. The brown-faced woman just laughed and replied:

"Well, I know where I'm going next year." And then she hummed a verse of Riley's old song:

"The orchard lands of long ago!
Oh, drowsy winds awake and blow
The snowy blossoms back to me,
And all the buds that used to be."

CANADIENNE.

"Oh, you needn't talk," said the indignant wife. "What would you be to-day if it were not for my money? Answer that, will you?" "That's an easy one," replied the heartless wretch. "I'd be a bachelor."

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LITERARY COMMENT

The Confessions of a Lady's Man, by William Le Queux, is to be published shortly.

A new volume of Carlyle's correspondence, consisting chiefly of letters written to him, is said to be in course of preparation.

Mr. Swinburne's novel, *Love's Cross Currents*, which is being published in the United States by Messrs. Harper Brothers, owes its name to Mr. Watts-Dunton. The story appeared pseudonymously many years ago in a weekly periodical—*The Tatler*—long since dead and not to be confused with its existing namesake. The early title, *A Year's Letters*, has been changed at Mr. Watts-Dunton's suggestion, but apart from some slight revising by its author the novel will remain as originally written.

In view of the vogue attained in English-speaking countries by Sudermann and the Norwegian dramatists, it is gratifying to learn that English authors are being received with equal favor in Germany. Mr. Bernard Shaw's popularity there remains unabated. Second editions have just been published of the German translations of his *Devil's Disciple* and his *Candida*, and the German literary and dramatic critics express their pleasure and approbation that such should be the case. They are also enthusiastic over Mr. Stephen Phillips' *Paolo and Francesca*, predicting a triumph for it, when it is produced at Düsseldorf in October next.

Mr. Marion Crawford's next novel will be entitled *Soprano: a Portrait*. The scene of it is laid in Paris, and the story will first appear serially in *The Gentlewoman*, an English magazine. Mr. Crawford recently fled from Sorrento on board his yacht, the *Alda*, to escape the tourists who every summer besiege his beautiful villa, and went south along the Calabrian coast. It is not, perhaps, generally known that this popular author can sail a ship as well as he can write a novel, and if circumstances required it, would make a first-class sea captain. The latest advice state that he has shut himself up in his romantic retreat, the Castello di San Nicolo, one of the watch-towers erected by Charles the Fifth against Saracenic invasion.

One of the last novelists of note to enter the dramatic field is Mr. Conrad. As the author of many extraordinarily powerful psychic studies, he is already known to an immense circle of readers. Those familiar with *Falk* will easily call to mind the story which has just been dramatized into a one-act play under the name *One Day More*. Critics in general have not received the piece very enthusiastically, but Max Beerbohm, writing in *The Saturday Review*, after giving a résumé of the plot, praises it in unqualified terms:

"It is a terrible and haunting play, as you may imagine even from this bald description of it. In other words it is a powerful tragedy. And, therefore, I delight in it. What I want from art is some kind of emotion. It matters not at all to me whether the emotion be in itself one of pleasure or one of pain. In whatever way I be quickened, I am grateful. I pity the critics who can find no pleasure in *One Day More*. They ought to give up criticism."

The *Times* (London, Eng.) says of Mr. Hamden Burnham's new novel, *Marcelle* (Briggs & Co.): "A capital story of Quebec in the days of Frontenac." This is a high compliment from such a source. George Murray, B.A. Oxon., writing in the *Montreal Daily Star*, also speaks very favorably of the work. Mr. Hamden Burnham is a resident of Peterboro'.

A Sequel to "The Black Douglas."

Maid Margaret. By S. R. Crockett. Price \$1.50. The Copp, Clark Co., Limited, Toronto.

N general style Mr. Crockett's new novel closely resembles its predecessors, dealing with historical subjects. Being really a continuation of *The Black Douglas*, the action takes place in the early sixteenth century, with Margaret Douglas, an historical character, as heroine. The plot is concerned chiefly with three subjects: the love affairs of the *Fair Maid of Galloway*, the ambitions of the *Black Douglas*, and the ultimate downfall of that great house.

At the time the story opens, eighteen-year-old Margaret is taken from a French convent to marry the head of the Douglas family, her cousin, William, a fine fellow, but so immersed in plans for the regeneration of Scotland as to make a somewhat absent-minded lover. The girl, chilled by his reserve and incapable of understanding the real depth of his feeling for her, flirts unconsciously with the hapless gallants in her path and shows particular favor to James Douglas, the debonair, unstable younger brother of her betrothed. William, the dreamer, with head in the clouds and a soul above petty jealousy, is oblivious to the serious trend of affairs until, the day before his marriage, he finds James making love to Margaret. Though stunned by the revelation, he treats the offenders with a chivalry and a magnanimity that is almost more than human. For family and state reasons the marriage takes place as arranged, but from the day of his wedding to the day of his death he treats Margaret not as a wife, but as a friend, free to go her own way as he goes his. Ten years later, royal treachery frees Margaret from her nominal bonds, and after the assassination of William Douglas she becomes the wife of his brother, James. If her first marriage was unhappy, this one is not less so; for the gay Earl by his misbehavior brings dishonor into the family of his most faithful retainer and ruin upon his own house. The noble dreams of William Douglas dissolve in a torrent of blood;

James flees to England, and Margaret, whose marriage is, through a technicality, void, finds happiness as the wife of Laurence McKim, who, she would have us believe, has been from the first her only true love.

Mr. Crockett has throughout made good use of his material, but those of us who admired his earlier work will pray devoutly for the time when he will beat the sword into a ploughshare, and his steel helmet into a lilac sun-bonnet. Margaret Douglas, with all her vivacious fascination, lacks the fineness and subtle charm of his earlier heroines; and Biblical quotations, however apt, lose their flavor on the tongue of a hoydenish heroine who flourished four hundred years ago. Where, too, is Mr. Crockett's old sense of humor when he seriously chooses as the scene of a love tryst a spot infested by four distinct sorts of bees?

"Now the place had a hundred advantages. Bees of all sorts were humming about. Glossy purple bees, big as haywains, blundered and boomed. Business-like honey-bees attended to the matter in hand, like the merchants of St. Giles—furred all over, too, with the golden dust of pollen. Moreover, there were little black bees, which appeared always to fly backward, starting angrily with their weapons out like touchy braggards. Then round woolly bees of the size of acorns, and with the rearward part all a fiery red, hustled the others or got up private quarrels on their own accounts among the flowers."

The most inexperienced girl could tell Mr. Crockett that even one able-bodied bee has tremendous potentialities for turning love's young dream into a nightmare. But if Mr. Crockett must have some insect accompaniment to his love-making, we would advise him to substitute the buzzing of flies or mosquitoes for the less prosaic, but vastly more ominous, humming of the bellicose bumble-bee.

A paper edition of Mr. Jack London's *War of the Classes*, published in cloth last spring, has just been issued. Messrs. Morang & Co., Limited, are the Canadian agents.

A Prince of Prigs.

The Fool Errand. By Maurice Hewlett. Price \$1.50. The Morang Co., Limited, Toronto.

IN all contemporaneous fiction I can recall only two heroes mean enough or priggish enough to compare with *The Fool Errand*. One is Mr. George Meredith's *Egoist*, the other is Mr. Barrie's *Thomas Sandys*, more familiarly known as *Sentimental Tommy*. In the latter case we had the author's own word for it that he painted his hero in the darkest colors to excite our sympathy for that maligned gentleman. Mr. Hewlett, however, confesses to no such ulterior motive, and we can only assume that his hero is the egoistic milkop described by the story.

Brought up in a state of isolation which fostered all the romance and mysticism of his nature, it was inevitable that Francis Strelley would some day have trouble in reconciling his world of dreams with the world of reality. The crisis comes when, on attaining his majority in 1721, he leaves England to study under Dr. Lanfranchi, at the University of Padua. Up to this period women have had for him all the mystery and charm of the unknown; and when Fate throws him daily under the spell of Aurelia Lanfranchi, his preceptor's beautiful and vivacious but rather shallow young wife, the situation is one likely to try the moral fibre of a more experienced man. Within a year he has idealized Aurelia into a Beatrice, to whom he reads poetry and at last in a moment of abandon makes ardent but unrequited love. The scene is interrupted by the approach of Dr. Lanfranchi, Francis is hurried into an adjacent cupboard, and all would have gone well had not the hero burst out inopportunely to confess his guilt and extol the lady's perfections. Dr. Lanfranchi's suspicion is, very naturally, aroused and a furious scene follows. Aurelia, not very loath, perhaps, to be free from the elderly husband, whom she accurately but inelegantly describes as a "Venetian Pig," leaves the doctor's house and returns to her old home in Siena. Francis, with his quixotic code of honor and dearth of common sense, believes himself a desperate villain, who has unwittingly ruined an angel and can expect no happiness till he has obtained her forgiveness and restored her to the domestic bliss from which his folly had driven her. With this object in view, he starts on a penitential pilgrimage in search of the lady. Never was journey begun in more extraordinary fashion. Flinging his sword, ruffles, watch, ring and fine clothing at the feet of Beppo, the astounded custodian of the Lanfranchi house, he prepares to sally forth bareheaded, barefooted, and clad only in shirt and breeches. The other peculiarities of his appearance are thus set forth in his own words:

"About my disordered hair I tied Aurelia's ribbon, round my upper arm I placed her garter, to my neck, upon a silken cord, I hung her Venice slipper. In the bosom of my shirt I placed the little book of devotion which she had given me, and the *Amita* of Tasso in which we had last read together."

Upon reconsideration, however, the penitent hero decides to add a cloak, a small bundle of clean linen, a staff and a few gold pieces to his equipment. Thus arrayed, he begins a wandering career which brings him in contact with all sorts of people from starving peasants to court grandees. In turn a seller

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of crucifixes, a dentist, a fine gentleman, a carpenter and a strolling player, he sees many phases of life, but remains through all a languishing prig. To everyone he meets he pours out the praises and wrongs of Aurelia with a declaration of his purpose to restore her to her home. His Italian acquaintances of every class find his motives incomprehensible, but all agree that he is either a very refined profligate or a very singular fool.

Almost to the end of the book Aurelia remains his patron saint, a fact which does not prevent his marriage with Virginia, a beautiful and fine-spirited peasant girl whom chance throws under his protection. His action in this matter is dictated, we are informed, by a chivalric sense of honor rather than by love.

He succeeds in reconciling Aurelia and Dr. Lanfranchi, but finds, to his confusion and ultimate disenchantment, that this was not the fate most desired by that lady. In the revulsion of feeling which ensues, he realizes the superior fineness of his wife's character compared with the false ideal he had worshipped so long. For the first time in his life he falls humanly in love, and believing that his wife could never be happy in his social station, he descends to her, renounces his English estate, and lives to a respectable old age the gay and happy, if somewhat superficial, life of an Italian artisan.

All this extraordinary story is told with the wealth of color, vivacious dialogue and whimsical charm of which Mr. Hewlett is past-master. It is in turn amusing, daring, and irritating—at no time is it convincing. We are told that Francis Strelley was madly in love with Aurelia, yet at the height of his devotion we find him wandering around the country for months at a time, happy in the society of a peasant girl. He marries this same peasant, Virginia, ostensibly that she may enjoy his protection, yet he leaves her for a year, exposed to the persecutions of unscrupulous people, without making any manly effort to secure her safety. We are told that he was an English gentleman, with, presumably, the tastes of his class, but for three weeks he lives contentedly in a disgusting hovel which also housed twelve peasants, four goats, a family of pigs, and hens innumerable.

If this novel, with its brilliant Italian setting, shows its writer at his best, it also reveals him at his worst. Mr. Hewlett's besetting sin as an author is extravagance—a tendency to let his imagination run riot. Of this weakness, Francis Strelley's preparation for his pilgrimage is the most striking example in the book. It is inconceivable that any man, however quixotic and lacking in a sense of humor, would array him for a journey in the manner described; nor is it credible that Francis Strelley could have lived in the age in which he did, and in the rank of society to which he was born, and yet hold the opinions ascribed to him.

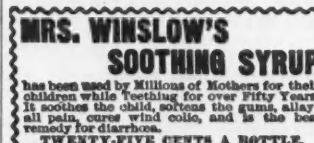
Strangely enough, the inconsistencies and unreasonableness which mar the hero and Virginia do not extend to the other characters. Palamone, Aurelia and Count Giraldi are all subtle, life-like and amusing—qualities which they share with most of the minor figures in the book. In view of this fact one is inclined to wonder whether Mr. Hewlett



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was not quite aware of the priggishness of his hero and of the futility of Strelley's kicks against the pricks of convention. If so, *The Fool Errand* must rank not as an extravaganza, but as a satire on romantic love and the much-lauded Simple Life.

L. M. M.

Who Was Abel Drucker?

If the playgoers of Garrick's day could once more walk this earth they would readily appreciate the references to "Abel Drucker" and "good tobacco" which now appear on the tins of Garrick Smoking Tobacco. The character of Abel Drucker was a creation of rare Ben Jonson and the part was a favorite of Garrick's. The quotation is appropriate, therefore, in connection with Garrick Smoking Tobacco, the finest pipe tobacco made. Seventy-five cents per quarter-pound tin of all first-class tobacconists.

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Anecdotal

At the closing exercises of a Syracuse school, a little girl was asked, "Who is the head of our Government?" "Mr. Roosevelt," she replied, promptly. "That is right," said the teacher, "but what is his official title?" "Teddy!" responded the little miss, proudly.

During President Harrison's visit to Cheyenne, Frank Jones, the young son of Chief Clerk D. A. Jones, of the son of the mechanic's office, was sent to his private car with a telegram. Mr. Harrison, attracted by the lad's bright demeanor, said, "What do you do?" "I'm one of the directors of the Union Pacific," "What!" exclaimed Mr. Harrison. "Yes, I direct envelopes over the master mechanic's office," was the laconic reply.

A bride and bridegroom from "up State" went into a Kansas City hotel recently, and asked for a room. They were assigned to one on the top floor. "Is that very high up?" asked the bridegroom. "It's on the top floor, but it's a fine one," the clerk began. "Gimme something on the first floor up," interrupted the bridegroom. "If they should be a fire or anything, I want to get Nellie out. I had a hard 'nough time gettin' that woman to take chances on losin' her this soon."

Judge Shelby, of Alabama, was once talking about the difference between swearing and affirming. "Whatever the difference is," he said, "it is assuredly not what a certain old colored man understood it to be last week. This colored man, entering the witness-box, said he thought he wouldn't swear. He thought he would just affirm. 'Erastus,' I said, 'how is this? A month ago, when you appeared before me, you consented readily enough to swear. Why is it that you will only affirm now?' 'Well, yo' honah,' said Erastus, 'de reason am dat I specks I ain't quite so sure about de facts o' dis case as I wus o' de odder.'"

The late Bishop Thomas L. Clark of Rhode Island was at a lecture in Boston one evening, when he saw, two seats ahead of him, a man whom he took to be an acquaintance. Seeing no other way to attract his attention, the bishop asked a stranger sitting next to him to punch the other man with his umbrella. This was done, and as the disturbed man began to turn his head, the bishop discovered that he was not the person he supposed. The bishop immediately lost all interest in him, and fastened his gaze attentively on the lecturer, leaving the man with the umbrella to settle with the man he had disturbed—an embarrassing and difficult task. At last the man with the umbrella turned rather indignantly to the bishop. "Didn't you tell me to punch that person with my umbrella?" "Yes," "And what did you want?" "I wanted to see whether you would punch him or not," was the reply.

Henry James thinks the literary critic should never take up a book merely to put it down, because if there is nothing good in the work why waste time in discussing it? Critics that are attacks pure and simple he regards as cruel. "What, for instance," he asks, "could be more cruel than Rossini's silent criticism of a score sent to him by a young musician? The musician, knowing this, sent him, along with his score, a packet of macaroni of unusual excellence. In a humble little note he asked the composer to point out the merits of his work, if he found any there. Rossini's reply ran like this: 'Thanks for your score and the macaroni. The latter was excellent.'"

A Philadelphian, who has a country house near his home city, recently

"The Book Shop."

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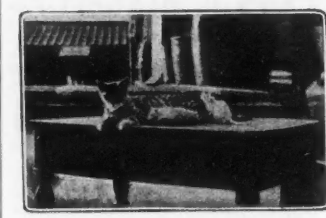
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quired an automobile. For its proper accommodation he built a barn near his house. When the structure was completed a party of friends invited to inspect it noticed that, though quite small, the barn was a two-story building. They wanted to know what he intended to keep in the second story. The owner's explanation didn't explain, but his wife revealed the reason for the second story. "You see," she said, "the second story was intended for a hay-loft, and it was not until the thing was built that either Henry or I realized that an automobile doesn't eat hay."

ITEMS OF INTEREST

There is on view at present in Paris the most remarkable miniature yet produced. It is an ivory plaque a yard square which represents the entire field of operations of the battle of Waterloo in all its details, showing the 150,000 French and allied troops, cavalry, infantry and artillery, and all the movements of the conflict as told by Henri Houssaye's famous work. Houssaye declared himself delighted with the faithfulness of the picture, examining it with a powerful field-glass at a distance of six feet and declaring it in accord with historic fact. The miniature has been bought by the French Government.

The Kaiser has written over 7,000 letters, telegrams and orders with his own hand during the past twelve months, and this is only half the tale. According to the statistics furnished by the officials of his private Cabinet he has personally attended to 5,857 foreign affairs, 250,200 cases on interior matters; besides, his military Cabinet has been occupied with over 100,000 cases, of every one of which the Emperor had to take personal cognizance. His extraordinary activity continues the same winter and summer, and he never takes a holiday.



A CAT AND HER WHITE RAT PETS.

King Edward likes nothing better than a game of bridge, but he is very much opposed to high play. One of the most fashionable clubs in St. James's street has been gaining rather an unenviable reputation lately, and only the other day a foreign prince lost £10,000 at a single sitting. His Majesty was so much annoyed at the occurrence that he had a letter written to the committee advising that the stakes should be lowered for the future. The young men responsible for the high play now threaten to join another notorious club where many fortunes have been lost and won and where, amongst others, the eldest son of a well-known peer is said to have gambled away £80,000.

Whether the actual figure be a little above or a little below the 4,000,000 line, New York is still the second city in the world in population, as it is the first in wealth. Greater London had 6,581,000 people in 1901, at the time of the latest census. It has 7,000,000 now. But if New York could annex towns as readily as London does it would show a population of more than 5,000,000 now. The New York metropolitan district would be behind London's district, but not to anything like the extent which the present restricted figures show. The gap between them, however, is rapidly narrowing. London's growth is at the rate of 16 per cent. in a decade. New York's is 36 per cent. Leaving out of the calculation the New Jersey towns—Jersey City, Newark, Hoboken and the others within a radius of a dozen miles of Mayor McClellan's City Hall—and counting in the district in its own State which is likely to be absorbed in the interval, New York City will probably pass London by 1910 at the latest.

"The Ideal Wife."

The following original description of the perfect wife is taken from a book by the late Max O'Rell, the French humorist, just published in Paris:—"Marry a woman," he writes, "smaller than yourself. Do not marry a woman whose laugh is forced and does not spring from the heart, but marry a woman who enjoys a joke and looks at the bright side of everything. 'Marry a girl who is a bit of a philosopher. If you take a girl to the theater, and on hearing there is no seats in the stalls or circle, she gaily exclaims: 'Never mind, let us go into the gallery!' marry her. It will be easy to live happily with a girl willing to sit even on the back benches with her husband."

"Do not marry a woman who has the fast ways of what is called 'smart society.' If you go to pay a visit and must wait half an hour while she finishes her toilet, do not marry her. But if she comes to you immediately, her hair put up in a hurry, but neatly and simply dressed, she is a girl of common sense. Marry her, especially if she is not too prolix in her excuses for appearing in negligee."

"Marry a girl who cares a lot for her father, who takes an interest in seeing that his study is in order, who likes to sit on his knee, and who calls him by all sorts of loving and infantile names. 'The girl who shows so much affection for her father, who won't let him go out without seeing that his clothes are immaculate, who, when at length satisfied with papa's appearance, kisses him before he goes off—that girl will make a model wife.'"

The Lawyer—So you married in haste and repented at leisure! The Lady—No, sir. I married at leisure, and repented in haste.

"My-Other-Me"

OF all the famous authors now living, probably Hall Caine has been the victim of more purely imaginative anecdotes than any other. Mr. Caine has never considered it worth his while to make formal denial of such absurdities, but in a very clever and good-natured speech as the chief guest of the North Lancashire Press Club recently he touched upon them as referring to "My-Other-Me." Responding to the toast of his health, Mr. Caine said: "The gentleman who has proposed the toast of my health has said kind and generous things about me. Journalists never say anything but kind and generous things about me. If that sounds strange to men like yourselves, who are familiar with many things that cannot be called kind and generous which are sometimes said in newspapers about the person whose name I bear, I would assure you that these things are said about my double, not about me."

We have heard a good deal about the men's doubles of late, and how much the poor originals suffer from them. Many an old newspaper man will make bold to tell you that the worst doubles public men suffer from are their doubles in the newspapers. Every public man realizes this, and even a semi-public man like myself knows a little about it. The matter is not one of national importance, but since you have done me the honor to make me the guest of your Press Club you may be amused to hear what a semi-public man has suffered from the double which has dogged him in the newspapers for fifteen or twenty years. Whether my-other-me bears any resemblance to the person who stands before you it is for you to say when I have told my tale.

First, my-other-me is a shocking story-teller. In both senses he is constantly saying, as for me, what I have never said, and writing in my name what I have never written. This would not matter if his words were sane and good, but they are nearly always insane and silly. I have found it quite impossible to contradict him, and I have long ceased to try. His lies go on and on, and it is useless to attempt to overtake them. An American humorist says truly that a lie will travel round the world while the truth is pulling on its boots.

My-other-me is as vain as a peacock. Occasionally he makes parallels between himself and Dickens, Thackeray, and Fielding, but his egomania is capable of comparisons more appalling even than that. When I first went to America he told an astonished public that out of my own mouth my head resembled Shakespeare's and my face resembled Christ's. I naturally concluded that nobody in his senses would take this amazing American pleasantry seriously, but it was repeated in sedate newspapers, and it still turns up occasionally in journals that are not conducted in Colney Hatch.

My-other-me is a shocking fool. When King Edward did us the honor to visit the Isle of Man my-other-me was said to have ridden in the carriage with him, and to have occupied the time by pointing out to His Majesty the scenes of his own story, with, "That's the place where I met So-and-so," "That's where I did such and such." The King was said to have borne with the mountebank for two mortal hours, and then ordered the coachman to return to the quay, where my-other-me went down on his knees, expecting to hear His Majesty say, "Rise, Sir," but the disgusted monarch only said, "Get up, Mr. . . ."

Now, one would have thought this piece of gammon could find a place in a bad understudy to Punch, but, according to an American religious journal, it strayed into the pulpit, where a New York clergyman made it the text for a Tartuffish sermon on the vanity of human wishes, ending with some such words as these, "Ah, my brethren, when we come to stand before the King of Kings and think to put forward our poor pangs and tatters of good deeds," etc.

My-other-me in the newspapers is a shameless literary Barnum, who not only writes anonymous paragraphs about himself, but procures other people to write about him, which seems to be an insane thing to do, seeing that they nearly always write unkindly, setting him up as a sort of Aunt Sally for any quack-salver to shyn't. On one occasion the reputable editor of a reputable weekly journal in London published under my signature an article about myself of which I had not written one sentence or one word as it appeared, and on another page a caricature of a grotesque person supposed to be me, posting an envelope at a pillar-box addressed "Editor," and saying, "I wonder how these things get into the newspapers."

My-other-me is a shocking old Shylock. When I bought my house in the Isle of Man, it was said in a certain Saturday paper that I had procured it at a preposterously low price by bidding down to the last penny a widow who formerly owned it, and when the lamentable bank failure involved our island in something bordering on bankruptcy it was alleged that I took advantage of the necessities of the poor, perishing farmers to buy up land on ridiculous terms, and to lend money at exorbitant interest. As a consequence, my-other-me is now said to be rolling in riches, and according to his own account, to hold not only the greater part of the land in the Isle of Man, but the whole of seven smaller islands as well.

On the other hand, my-other-me is a sentimental idiot in financial affairs, and it has been announced in many newspapers that when a farm that had been

owned by a witch doctor came to the hammer he held up his end at the auction to the sum of £7,000, just because he was interested in witches and fairies.

My-other-me is a blatant old Bluebeard. In addition to his faults and failures of duty in domestic relations his opinions on sex questions are certainly outrageous. It has been said, for example, that he holds all women to be inferior to men, and to believe that the mother who gives birth to a girl as her first child is a disgraceful woman. Sane leaders of the women's movements have combated those views as rational propositions.

Finally, my-other-me is an imposter and a thief. Although his books are devoid of merit, he steals the plots of them from poor people who write letters telling him about their lives or work. One gentleman in Chicago has not only induced a high-class newspaper in that city to devote a whole page to an exposure of the fraud that was practised upon him in the matter of one of my last books, but he prevailed upon a magistrate to issue a writ against me, as a writ was issued (by the same magistrate, I think) against Mr. Edmund Rostand, and the next time I set foot in Chicago (I hope to do so this autumn) I am to be served with it, and perhaps put under arrest.

Such, gentlemen, is the double of a semi-public man as he masquerades in the newspapers. I am responsible for this ruffian in the eyes of the public that takes his morning journals seriously. I have done about fifteen years' hard work for him already, and although I do not ask for compensation for a miscarriage of justice, I do ask to be let off. I am about tired of playing Sally for an insane person whose friends ought to be taking care of him if half of what is said about him is true.

But perhaps the person I complain about is only a minor effort of imagination on the part of the journalist as novelist, and I could wish to forego sitting down to say that nobody admires more than I do the great work of the great novelist known to the world as "The Press." This novelist publishes his novels in serial form only, and his grip is so intense that few of us can sit down to breakfast before learning the latest developments of his story. His romance is the most romantic we meet anywhere; his pathos the most pathetic, and his power the most powerful. His originality is so startling that it makes all forms of invention look like the fabrications of children at play, and his versatility is so extraordinary that it is impossible to predict whether he will raise his curtain to-morrow morning on a tragedy or a farce in high life or low life, on the land or on the sea.

He is the great world-novelist, and he goes on from century to century, making stories of surpassing interest and value. His page is always open and can never be closed, and whatever his subject, we are compelled to read of it. Such is the novelist called The Press—the novelist of life—and in no country that I know is he so faithful, so truthful, or so incorruptible, as in our own.—Harper's Weekly.

The Survival of the Fittest!

They talked of Medora, Aurora, and Flora, of Mabel and Marcia, and Mildred and May.

Debated the question of Helen, Honora, Clarissa, Camilla, and Phyllis and Irene.

They thought of Marcella, Estella and Bella, Considered Cecilia, Jeanette and Pauline, Alicia, Adela, Annette, Arabella, and Ethel and Eunice, Hortense and Irene.

One liked Leonora, another Fedora, Some argued for Edith and some for Elaine.

When up spoke her father (old-fashioned man, rather) And christened her after her grandmother—Jane!

Canals of Canada.

Probably no one ever has looked thoughtfully at a map of North America without noting the commercial possibilities offered by the wonderful chain of waterways that reach from the Atlantic coast into the very heart of the continent. Aside from the great fall at Niagara, nature has interposed only half a dozen rapids to interfere with the navigation of this remarkable system. Projects for overcoming these obstacles have been entertained ever since the occupation of the country by white men. The first canals built were designed to accommodate only bateaux, which were flat-bottomed and drew less than one foot of water. The locks were six feet wide and thirty feet long, with two and one-half feet of water on the sills. The remains of one of these canals may still be seen on the south bank of the St. Lawrence, at Point au Buisson. In 1804 they were enlarged to give a depth of four feet of water in the locks. They then admitted boats of thirty-five tons' cargo, which was their capacity during the war of 1812. Military necessities gave an impetus to canal building at that time, but the work languished after the return of peace, and it was not until Canada had become a self-ruling province that the enterprise of opening the St. Lawrence was prosecuted with energy and carried to completion.

To-day it is possible for a vessel drawing not more than fourteen feet of water to steam from any ocean port in the world direct to Duluth or Chicago. In order to utilize the entire 2,384 miles of this water route it has been necessary to build only seventy-three and one-quarter miles of canal. The difference in level between Lake Superior and tidewater, which is 602 feet, is overcome by forty-eight locks, having a total lift of 551 feet. Nearly \$20,000,000 has been spent in the construction and improvement of these canals, and about \$20,000,000 more in their maintenance.—Review of Reviews.

Woman—If you will saw that wood I will give you a meal. Tramp—No, lady. Professional athletes dies young, an' I dassent attempt no extraordinary feats.

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For further information apply at Ticket Office, or write Mr. FOSTER CHAFFEE, Western Passenger Agent, Toronto.

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From September 15th to October 31st, sweeping reductions will be made in the one-way colonist rates to California and other Pacific Coast Points. Time-tables and all other information from railroad ticket agents, or J. A. Richardson, District Passenger Agent, north-east corner King and Yonge Streets, Toronto.

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THE theater managers of the city have agreed to raise the salary of every member of their orchestras two dollars a week. The increase unfortunately will not result in improving the effectiveness of our theater music. The managers under the new arrangement have the option of reducing the strength (?) of the orchestra to seven players. They may not exercise the option, but it is safe to conjecture that they will not engage extra men now that they have to pay higher wages. The patrons of the two leading theaters have reason to complain of the miserable excuse for music which has been given them in the past. Complaint is not made of the individual members of the orchestra, but of the ridiculously small number engaged. It is really an absurdity to attempt to perform overtures and operatic selections in a large theater with a band of nine. One manager represented to me that the public did not come to his house to hear the orchestra and would not pay a cent extra on their account if he engaged twenty men. This, I take it, is not the point, which is that people who pay from \$1.50 to \$3 for seats, according to the occasion, are entitled to demand that the music served up to them shall be of good quality and rendered with sufficient tonal volume to be heard throughout the auditorium. They have a grievance when the so-called music drives the men to drink, or in other words to leave the theater between the acts. The numerical strength of the orchestras at the Princess and Grand Opera houses ought to reach fifteen at least.

Mrs. Bradley, who has been summing at Old Orchard, Maine, has returned to town and will resume her teaching in September at 329 St. George street, where she will reside, and at the Conservatory of Music.

Mrs. Mildred Walker has returned from her vacation and will resume her classes in voice culture the first week in September at her studio, Bell Piano Warerooms, 146 Yonge street.

George Groussmith, the man with the piano, has found his entertainments very profitable. His average receipts over and above expenses have been from \$160 to \$200 a performance. When he was a star at the Savoy Theater, London, in the Gilbert and Sullivan productions his salary was only \$160 a week.

A lady at a party when about to oblige with a song said to the accompanist, "I shall sing in German." "Don't mention it," said the polite pianist, "but as I can't read German I hope you won't mind if I play the accompaniment in English." And he did! The anecdote reminds one of the statement made in a well-known London paper in its report of the visit of the Prince of Wales to Cardiff. It was that a cornet rendered the stirring air *God Bless the Prince of Wales* in English!

The proprietors of *The Gentlewoman* offer a prize of £25 for an orchestral composition by a lady. All competitors must be British or Colonial born or naturalized subjects. The conditions of the prize may be obtained from the office of *The Gentlewoman*, Long Acre, London, England.

The solo violinist with Mme. Cuvé during her coming concert tour will be Mlle. Argyro Kostro, who has recently been playing with much success in Germany. Mlle. Kostro was for a time a pupil of the great teacher César Thomson. The young lady is said to be unusually attractive in appearance, and above all to be a finished artist.

In the opinion of the critic of the *Irish Times* the playing of the Irish Guards band is "like that of a band of accomplished professional soloists in perfect combination." The band will be heard for the first time in Toronto at the Exhibition.

It will interest the Canadian friends of Mr. Landon Ronald to hear that the King has presented him with a scarf pin bearing his Majesty's initial in diamonds, the royal crown, and the Roman numerals VII, in recognition of his services in connection with the concert given at Buckingham Palace in honor of the King of Spain.

A correspondent writes that last week the people of Walkerton were delightedly amazed by the perfection of a rendering of certain of Bach's compositions at a recital in Knox Church by Mr. Charles Warren, the New York organist, and Mr. George Fox, the talented Canadian violinist. "Never before," adds the correspondent, "had Walkerton heard such music."

The prize of 5,000 francs left by Anton Rubinstein for the encouragement of the study of the piano was awarded the other day at Paris to Herr Wilhelm Bachaus, a young German resident in Manchester. Herr Bachaus, who is only twenty-six, studied under Alois Reckendorff at Leipzig and afterwards under Mr. Eugen D'Albert. He appeared in London and Manchester with undisputed success.

The first musical comedy performance of the season will be given on Monday next at the Grand Opera House, when *Girls will be Girls* will be produced. Report has it that the piece is sure to win a popular verdict on the score of merit.

It is stated that Jan Kubelik on his initial American tour four years ago attracted more money to the box-office (and therefore more people to his performances) than did any other Euro-

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pean artist on his first visit to the United States. A striking comparison is made of the young violinist's record with that of Paderewski. The Polish pianist on his first American tour played 107 times, taking in \$91,286.00. Kubelik appeared only 72 times, but his receipts were \$129,656.69, an average twice as great. Hugo Gorlitz introduced both Paderewski and Kubelik to America and handled the money, so that the figures may be accepted as correct. Mr. Gorlitz brings Kubelik over this season and he says appearances indicate a much more profitable tour than even the first.

The Conservatory of Music announces a special three weeks' course of instruction in piano technique and teaching principles according to the Clavier Method, in September, conducted by Mr. A. K. Virgil of New York, the inventor of the clavier and author of that system. This course is more especially designed for piano teachers, and offers a rare opportunity to such as are desirous of investigating the merits of this now famous system of technique and of receiving practical instruction in the method from its originator.

Mr. Sebastian H. Burnett, baritone, has just returned from a pleasant vacation at Seattle, Wash., where he gave four song recitals with great success. The Seattle and Tacoma papers give flattering notices of his beautiful singing and highly trained voice.

The *Contemporary Review* contains an English version of an interesting article by Grieg, entitled "My First Success," the original of which appeared in *Velhagen Klingsing's Monatshefte*. It contains a number of anecdotes and quaint points relating to the school and conservatory days of the greatest of living composers. Grieg hated going to school, and he was quite ingenious in devising ways of keeping away from it. One method was to stand in the rain or under a dripping roof till he was soaked through to the skin. The teacher would then send him home (a long way off) to get dry clothes, and by the time he returned the morning session was over. At the piano he had a habit of dreaming instead of practicing. "Had I not inherited my mother's irrepressible energy as well as her musical capacity," he writes, "I should never in any respect have succeeded in passing from dreams to deeds." Many of Grieg's ancestors were pastors, and he himself, as a boy, thought he would like to be one. He would use a chair as a pulpit, and declaim poetry to his unfortunate parents mercilessly. It was owing largely to the advice of Ole Bull that his parents sent him to be educated in Germany. When Edvard first saw the great violinist, he was disappointed; he had looked on him as a god, and was surprised to find him smiling and joking just like ordinary mortals. The Leipzig Conservatory he didn't like much better than he had liked school. He found the professors altogether too pedantic to suit him. It was most characteristic of him that in the harmony class he at first always wrote, to the given bass, harmonies which pleased himself instead of those prescribed by the rules of thorough bass. But Richter merely smiled and used his pencil. Moscheles' habit of abusing Grieg's idols—Chopin and Schumann—did not prevent him from profiting by his excellent Beethoven playing. Keimcke set him the absurd and impossible task of writing a string quartet before he had the faintest notion of form or the technique of stringed instruments. It happened that the Leipzig Conservatory harbored, at the same time, no fewer than five students who subsequently became leaders in the musical world of London—Arthur Sullivan, Franklin Taylor, Walter Bache-Francis Barnett; also Edward Dannreuther, "too early," writes Grieg, "taken away from us, so gifted and so unwearied as the champion of Liszt, and who also was one of the first to enter the lists on behalf of Wagner in England." Sullivan at once distinguished himself by his talent for composition and for the advanced knowledge of instrumentation, which he had acquired before he came to the conservatorium. While still a student he wrote the music to Shakespeare's *Tempest*, a few bars of which he once wrote in my album, and which displays the practised hand of an old master.

A Place of Education.

Sugar-coated Pills Which Are Offered by Canada's Big Fair—A Peculiar Instance.

It is the "educational feature" which has made the Toronto Exhibition great. People in Canada do not attend the Fair because of the strenuousness of the side-show barker, the intricacies of the House of Trouble or the contortions before the grand stand of the Human Bow Knot. These things are interesting, of course, but they bear the same relation to the big show as a whole, as the mushroom sauce does to the porterhouse steak—a side issue. It is the Manufacturers' Building which draws with the steady power of the magnet the men of blood and iron who form this Canadian citizenry. This low-domed, widespread structure, with its acres of floor space, bears in every part the sign of the Canadian Manufacturers' Association. "Made in Canada" and displays the genius and artistic ability to be found in the factories and offices of this great

and progressive land. Last year the space provided for the various piano manufacturers was of such super-excellent kind that special efforts were made to bring the quality of the exhibits up to the standard thus set. The result was that the display of pianos was in every sense the best ever seen in this city. Most admired of all the exhibits, however, was that of Messrs. Gourelay, Winter & Leeming, who displayed all the styles of their celebrated high-class instrument, the "Gourelay." Not only was their allotment thoroughly decorative in itself, but the classic artistic beauty of the pianos attracted every eye. It was not the visitor only who noted and inwardly digested, for other manufacturers took steps to bring their products up to the high standard set by the Gourelay manufacturers, thus by imitation flattering the firm in the sincerest way and acknowledging the superiority of the Gourelay designs. One manufacturer has taken the trouble to change his whole series of styles and now his pianos have an appearance approaching the Gourelay, which means that they are infinitely more artistic than they were before. It is said that Messrs. Gourelay, Winter & Leeming are not content to lead the procession only once, and therefore, their exhibit this year will be worth looking for.

China's Actor Army.

China is the actor's paradise. There are thousands of actors in the empire and the "top notchers" earn considerably more in proportion than actors even in this country of high salaries. A native actor will earn, if he is a first-rate man, as high as \$1,800 a year, and while this money is insignificant compared to our princely pay lists it will procure comforts and luxuries to a native in China that could not be duplicated here for fifty times the amount. There is a national actors' club with thirty thousand life members, and there is a special god in the temples to whom all good Chinese Theatians pray. It is very difficult to acquire the title of "actor" in China. The pupil is obliged to study three years as a super, and one more year is required to give him the finishing touch. The pupil must learn by heart a repertoire of about fifty different plays, and the rest of his life is spent in acting these plays without the slightest chance and without ever being permitted to learn new ones. The idea is that an "actor," as such, must not condescend to learn, which is fitting only an apprentice, but an actor may without injury to his dignity teach worthy pupils what he himself learned as a pupil.

A Simple Cipher.

When Wall street first caught the fever for "industrial combinations" and began the reorganization of everything in sight, one of the votaries of high finance found himself in Chicago in extreme need of communicating with his New York office.

He had almost completed an arrangement for the consolidation of several Western enterprises, but in order to get the final authority he needed from New York he must explain all he had done by wire to his partners.

There was not time to write. He had no cipher code. For a long time he tried to think out some way to send the information so that it would be plain to his partners and meaningless to anyone else.

His secret was a valuable one, and once sent over the wire might be sold out to his rivals in Wall street for a large sum. At last he decided to take the chances in plain English. Accordingly he wrote the message and gave it to his assistant to send.

"Not just that way," said the clerk. "I re-wrote it, the first word on a Postal blank, the second on a Western Union, and so on. I sent half by each company, and neither half meant anything. Then I sent a second message by one line, saying, 'Read both messages together, alternating words.'"

The scheme was too simple for the high financier to have evolved, but it worked perfectly.

The Stranger—Ah, Johnnie, where's your father? Johnnie—E's out at the back, sir, with the men feeding the pigs. When you get in the yard among the pigs you'll see one with brown trousers on. That's father.

Beautiful Lake of Bays.

Huntsville, 146 miles north of Toronto, reached by trains from Toronto at 11.30 a.m. and 11.30 p.m., is where you take steamer for the various resorts on Lakes Vernon, Fairy, Mary's, Peninsular and Lake of Bays. Situated 1,000 feet above the sea-level, and the islands and main land well wooded, it is an ideal place for vacation and as a health resort and where perfect immunity from hay fever may be relied upon. An enthusiastic "Pittsburgher" says regarding fishing: "It is the only place near civilization that I have found all the fish wanted can be obtained at all times."

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It Was Glad.
"Pop!"
"Yes, my son."
"When an animal shakes its tail, ain't it glad to see you?"
"Yes, my boy."
"Well, pop, I saw a man catch an eel to-day, and I never saw anything so glad to see a man in my life as that eel was!"
Bluster—Do you mean to say that I am a liar? Blister—I hope that I could not do so ungentlemanly a thing; but I see you catch my idea.—Illustrated Bits.

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Students in this course will receive a lesson every day except on Saturdays. Only a limited number can be received, therefore early application is necessary in order to secure a place in this class. Further particulars may be had by applying to the Registrar, Toronto Conservatory of Music.

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The illustration shows our special "Countess" Persian Lamb Jackets in three attractive styles; either garment will satisfy the most exacting woman. These are the models which we intend shall bring our fur department into even greater prominence than it has yet attained. The Jackets are made from specially selected beautiful silky curl Persian Lamb skins. The broad revers, deep storm collar and cuffs are of richly blended, full furred mink. The Jackets are handsomely lined all through with heavy lustrous satin. The garments are strictly tailored and will fit elegantly. Hand woven silk girdle at waist.

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17 to 21 King St. East
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Toronto.

Social and Personal.

Hon. W. J. Hanna and Mrs. Hanna have returned from a trip to British Columbia.

Mr. and Mrs. S. Bradley Gundy of St. George street have returned from Georgian Bay and expect to be in their new home in Rosedale in a few weeks. Last Saturday afternoon the Kingston Old Boys' Association was entertained by Lieutenant-Colonel Pellatt at his beautiful summer residence, "Cliffside." The host greeted his guests near the entrance to the grounds and Mrs. Pellatt received at the house. While the afternoon shower slightly interfered with the arrangements for *al fresco* enjoyment, the wide prospect of the lake was appreciated by all and the music of the Queen's Own band added to the enjoyment of the "old Kingstons."

Mrs. Cronyn and Miss Muriel Cronyn of Brunswick avenue have returned from a holiday at Windermere, Muskoka.

Sir William Mulock has returned from Europe and joined his family at Newmarket.

At Hamilton last Saturday at the residence of Sir Thomas Taylor, his daughter Margaret was married to Captain J. C. Thomson of the 91st Regiment. The wedding was very quiet, the bride being unattended. The ceremony was performed by Rev. Dr. Taylor, brother of the bride, assisted by Rev. C. W. Gordon (Ralph Connor). Captain and Mrs. Thomson will spend a year abroad before taking up their residence in Hamilton.

Mr. and Mrs. Edgar Jarvis of Rosedale are visiting their son, Mr. Frank Jarvis, of Winnipeg.

Dr. Allan Shore of Toronto has been spending a short holiday at Honey Harbor, which is becoming quite a popular summer resort.

Among the guests at the Welland, St. Catharines, are: Mr. H. R. Fraser and

Mrs. Fraser, Sherbrooke, Que.; Mrs. G. Sydney Fairbairn, Master Fairbairn, Mr. Gordon C. Temple, Toronto; Mr. C. P. Vosburgh, New York; Mr. Thomas P. Devaney, Fort Smith, Ark.; Mr. Samuel Hines, Scranton, Pa.; Dr. and Mrs. Genet Taylor, Camden, N.J.; Mr. W. Wallace McDowell, Mrs. W. Wallace McDowell, Louisville; Mr. and Mrs. E. Phelps, Mr. and Mrs. Martin Kirsch, Miss Nina Vance, Miss Estelle Vance, Mr. and Mrs. L. Kahn, Mr. and Mrs. B. A. Phelps, Shreveport, La.; Mr. William T. Bernhardt, Mrs. A. J. Bork, Miss Mae Cummer, Mr. B. J. Keppich, Mrs. Keppich, Miss L. F. Brooks, Buffalo; R. McDonald, M.D., Mr. P. Campbell, Hagersville; Mrs. Carroll St. John, Alabama; Miss Mastin, St. Louis; Dr. and Mrs. Reiss, Mr. William T. Hardie, Mr. B. A. Hardie, Miss Anna Stubbs, Miss Ella Hardie, New Orleans; Mr. and Mrs. F. H. Bull, Sharon, Pa.

Dr. Beattie Nesbitt and Mrs. Nesbitt are at Bracebridge.

Mrs. Atwood Martin, the author of the charming *Emmy Lou* stories, has lately been the guest of Mrs. J. H. Grahame at Kilton, Stony Lake.

Mr. and Mrs. Thomas Bryce of Woodlawn avenue have issued invitations for the marriage of their only daughter, Daisy, to Mr. Harry William Gain, eldest son of Mr. and Mrs. Thomas Gain, the marriage to take place September 6th.

Mr. and Miss Laidlaw of Queen's Park arrived by the Red Star steamer *Zeeland* from Dover on Tuesday, after a very fine voyage.

Mrs. Thomas Dill has issued invitations to the marriage of her third daughter, Emily Florence May, and Mr. George H. Dill. The ceremony will take place on Thursday, September 14, at 2.30 o'clock, with a reception afterwards at 80 Concord avenue. Owing to recent bereavement only the immediate relatives and a very few intimate friends will be present.

Among Toronto people at Orchard Beach this month are Mrs. Chapman, Huron street, and her trio of daughters, Mrs. Hetherington and family of Prince Arthur avenue, and Mrs. Duthie of Parkdale.

Miss Minnie G. Connor is spending her vacation with her aunt, Mrs. McKittrick of London, Ont.

Miss Gilmor and Miss Mabel Gilmor are at the Monteith House, Rosseau, Muskoka.

Mr. Richard Gain of New York is spending his vacation with his sisters, the Misses Gain of Rose avenue.

Mrs. Robert C. Wilson has returned to the city after an absence of some months which were delightfully spent at the homes of her daughters, Mrs. L. R. Peacock, Fort Rouge, Winnipeg, and Mrs. T. B. Hollis of St. Paul, Minn.

Dr. Harold Clark has returned to the city after a vacation in Muskoka.

Mrs. and the Misses Sternberg have returned to the city from their holiday in Muskoka and will reside at the Rosin House for some weeks before returning to their residence, 18 Tyndall avenue.

The increase in the consumption of "Salada" tea in Canada and the United States during the first six months of this year over the corresponding period of 1904 has been phenomenal. It amounted to 256,686 pounds. This amounts to as much tea as was consumed in the same period in all the cities, towns and villages on the Grand Trunk line between Toronto and Montreal, including Pickering, Whitby, Oshawa, Bowmanville, Newcastle, Newtonville, Port Hope, Cobourg, Crafton, Colborne, Brighton, Trenton, Kingston, Gananoque, Belleville, Napanee, Brockville, Prescott, Cardinal, Iroquois, Morrisburg, Cornwall, Lancaster, Coteau Junction and Vaudeville. This enormous increase in demand in six months proves pretty conclusively that "Salada" serves the public well.



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Has been successfully used by leading actresses, singers and women of fashion for more than 25 years.

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or breasts, shrunken from nursing; it has the highest endorsement of physicians. Two boxes are often sufficient to make the bust firm, large and beautiful.

FREE A sample box and our book, "Art of Massage," fully illustrated, will be sent free to any lady sending 10 cents to pay for cost of mailing. Address:

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Heintzman & Co. Piano

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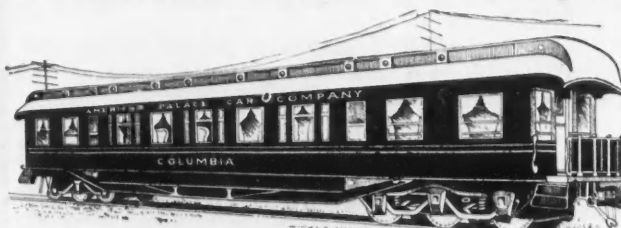
has no equal in this first and final test of a high-class piano. It has tone qualities that stand the test of time.

—In all parts of this broad Dominion,
—out to the arctic Yukon, thousands
—of families have made the test within
—the past fifty years.

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The American Palace Car Company



The Private Car "Columbia" now in Commission Demonstrating the Advantages of the New System of Combined Sleeping, Parlor and Dining Car owned by the company. Protected by Patents in the United States, Canada and Foreign Countries.

Only a small number of shares of the above company are now available for subscription. 5,000 shares were offered to the public when the subscription books opened, and the larger portion has been applied for.

This stock offers an exceptional opportunity for investors to get into a company that will pay large dividends within a short time.

There are before the public to-day practically but two systems of sleeping-cars, one constructed under the Pullman patents (which have now expired), utilizing the backs and cushions of the stationary sofa seats for lower berths at night, with upper berths hung from the side or ceiling of the car and during the day, forming a receptacle for the storage of beds and bedding without opportunity for ventilation; and the other, the system owned and controlled by the American Palace Car Co., which dispenses entirely with the stationary seats and upper berths hung from the sides or ceiling, making a combined parlor car with movable easy-chairs by day and sleeping-car with comfortable, well ventilated beds for both upper and lower berths at night.

As will be seen from the Financial Statement taken from *Poor's Manual*, elsewhere appended, the net earnings of the Pullman Company for the last 21 years have at no time been less than practically 44 per cent. per year, ranging from this figure to 61 per cent., their net earnings for 1904 being 55.06 per cent. Beginning about forty years ago with a small capital of \$5,000,000 of stock and \$800,000 of bonds (all of the bonds being retired in a short time) the Pullman Company on July 31, 1904, had a capital of \$74,000,000, a surplus of \$18,017,374.87, and net assets of \$92,017,374.87. The company has paid regular dividends of 8 per cent. per annum on its capital stock, and this, together with the interest paid on its bonds, and extra dividends which have been declared and paid from time to time, amount to a total of nearly as much as the entire present capital stock of the company. Its stock, par value \$100, is now selling on the open market at over \$250 per share, making at this figure a basis of cash value of the entire capitalization of the company of \$177,500,000.

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Furriers
To H. M. the Queen,
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"Alexandra" coat of seal, 38 inches long, close-fitting, with very full skirt, breaking into ripples. New French puff sleeve. One of the richest and handsomest garments designed this season. \$400.

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PRINCESS SPECIAL

FOR ONE WEEK BEGINNING MONDAY, SEPT. 4

The Most Stupendous and Beautiful Production Known to Theatrical History.

KLAW & ERLANGER'S

Re-production of the Greatest Drury Lane Spectacle

HUMPTY DUMPTY

ORIGINAL AMERICAN CAST OF 350

THREE GREAT ORGANIZATIONS IN ONE. BEWILDERING IN ITS BURST OF SPLENDOR.

The Sale of Seats will begin Thursday a.m. Prices—50c., 75c., \$1.00 \$1.50.

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A 45 years' reputation for the highest and best kind of training gives a tone and a quality to our 5,000 graduates that creates a constant demand for our office help. Shorthand, Typewriting, Book-keeping, Business Practice, Office Practice. Night, Day, and Mail courses.

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at NIAGARA-ON-THE-LAKE is now open for the season.

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Only Quality Hair Goods

Are You Coming to the Fair?

THE lady who visits Toronto during the exhibition and does not pay a visit to Dorenwend's Store will miss an opportunity of seeing one of the grandest displays of Ladies' Fine Art Hair Goods to be found on this continent. Our supremacy in this line cannot be assailed and everything we make bears the stamp of quality and the premier distinction for newness of style and delicate construction.

Our comfortable and commodious establishment is thrown open to the ladies of Canada during the two weeks of the Exhibition, and we cordially invite them to use it as a rendezvous for meeting friends, as we do not expect that everyone who comes to see is in duty bound to purchase.

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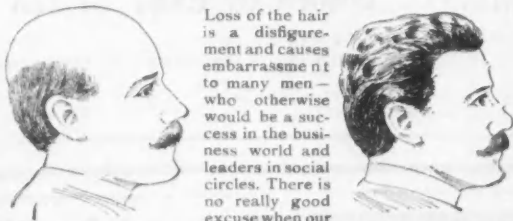
The highest grade of natural wavy hair we use in making up all our switches has won for them distinction of being decidedly superior to the ordinary switch.

Unusual shades of hair can be matched perfectly, and grey hair switches a specialty.

Every artifice to heighten a lady's charms by correct imitation and naturalness will be found here.

Pompadours
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art and skill can produce a substitute for the departed locks. Dorenwend's Natural hair Toupees and Wigs are so fashioned that the closest scrutiny fails to detect the least appearance of unnaturalness. In partings, matching of the shade and fit, they cannot be equalled, and are recognized by hundreds who now wear them as matchless monuments of the wig-maker's art.

Professor Dorenwend personally supervises in this department, and this alone is an assurance of perfect satisfaction and superior workmanship.

We will send either or both of the following to any address on request.
Catalogue for Ladies. Circular on Baldness.

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Social and Personal.

Hon. J. P. Whitney, who is to open the Exhibition next week, is spending a few days in Morrisburg.

The marriage of Mr. Henri Bourassa of Papineauville, the well-known member for Labelle in the Dominion Parliament, and Miss Josephine Papineau of Ste. Adèle, Terrebonne, will take place in Ste. Adèle early next month and will be very quiet.

The success of the popular subscription in Canada to present to H.M.S. Dominion some mark of appreciation by Canadians of the battleship called after our country must be gratifying to the members of the Canadian committee: His Honor the Lieutenant-Governor of Ontario, Lieutenant-Colonel John I. Davidson, Mr. W. D. Beardmore, Mr. W. B. McMurich, Mr. James Kerr Osborne, Mr. D. R. Wilkie, Captain Henry DesVoeux. The members of this committee, it is understood, have decided upon a silver shield for gunnery practice, a large loving-cup in gold and silver and a set of silver table decorations for the officers' mess, the work to be done in Canada.

Miss Beatrice Sullivan and Mr. Archie Sullivan are visiting at Falmouth, Maine.

Mrs. Flora McD. Denison has returned to 22 Carlton street after a pleasant summering at her holiday home in the Bald Mountains, Frontenac County.

The engagement is announced of Miss Ethel Ashworth, youngest daughter of Mrs. W. H. Ashworth, to Colonel Herchmer of Calgary.

Misses Milly and Maud Tretheway of Owen Sound are visiting Mrs. A. G. Parker of Humberstone avenue, Toronto Junction.

Mr. and Mrs. Sigmund Samuel and their three little children have returned from a summer in Europe, accompanied by Miss Michelson, Mrs. Samuel's sister.

Mr. Justice Benson of Port Hope, accompanied by his sisters, Mrs. Merritt and Miss Benson, Rodman Hall, St. Catharines, Mr. T. Fuller and his niece and nephew, Mrs. Jack Harmer of Winnipeg and Mr. Selwyn Brown of Chicago, is spending a few weeks in Muskoka.

Mrs. John A. Cooper of Glen road will return to the city next week after spending the summer in Kingston.

The Cradle, Altar and the Tomb.

Births

BEER—August 22, the St. George, Toronto, to Mrs. G. Frank Beer, a son. JACKMAN—Toronto, August 16, Mrs. W. G. Jackman, a daughter. LITSTER—Toronto, August 21, Mrs. Thomas H. Litster, a son. MACKINNON—Bristol, England, August

10, Mrs. W. A. MacKinnon, a daughter. MARTIN—Toronto, August 16, Mrs. S. T. Martin, a daughter. MOORE—Toronto, August 14, Mrs. Herbert E. Moore, a son. MOFFAT—Toronto, August 19, Mrs. Frederick M. Moffat, a daughter. McCULLY—Toronto, August 22, Mrs. C. C. McCully, a daughter. RATTRAY—Toronto, August 2, Mrs. A. Jordan Rattray, a daughter. SMITH—Toronto, August 14, Mrs. A. F. Smith, a daughter. THOMPSON—Toronto, August 20, Mrs. R. J. Thompson, a daughter. WICKETT—Bradford, Pa., August 13, Mrs. J. H. Wickett, a daughter.

Marriages

CARLTON—COOPER—Toronto, August 23, Florence May Cooper to William Harold Carlton. DAWSON—MUIRHEAD—East York, Rosella Lillian Muirhead to Christopher Dawson. GREENWOOD—EDDIS—Toronto, August 23, Ellen Muriel Wyndham Eddis to W. Kendall Greenwood, B.A. Sc. GRAY—CLARK—Toronto, August 22, Jennie McRae Clark to Donald Gray. IVISON—REYNOLDS—Toronto, August 21, Nina E. Reynolds to William Ivison. NOLAN—GREENIAUS—Toronto, August 9, Ruby Greeniaus to W. G. Nolan. PARKER—LAMONT—Toronto, August 16, Alma Mary Lamont to Frank Parker. PLUMB—MILLS—Toronto, August 16, Sadie Mills to Charles Plumb. PATTERSON—CARNOVSKY—Toronto, August 23, Olive Caroline Carnovsky to F. Charles Patterson. STODDARD—CODY—Toronto, August 21, Ethel Grant Cody to R. Charles Stoddard.

Deaths

CARRELL—Toronto, August 22, William Francis Carrell, aged 16 years. BEATY—Toronto, William C. Beaty, aged 77 years. BAILLIE—Toronto, August 20, William Baillie, sr., aged 83 years. BACHLY—Toronto, August 20, Irene Toss Bachly, aged 11 months. CRAWFORD—Havelock, August 22, Mrs. Esther Maria Crawford. CHAMPION—Toronto, Thomas O. Champion, aged 48 years. CHAPMAN—Little York, August 18, David Chapman, aged 56 years. CAREY—Toronto, August 19, Reade Carey, infant. DIXON—Toronto, August 19, Meta Dixon, aged 18 years. DANIEL—Toronto, August 20, Mrs. C. D. Daniel, aged 21 years. DAWES—Toronto, August 21, Mrs. Hannah Dawes, aged 72 years. DAVIS—Toronto, August 21, Harold Cuthbert Davis, aged 29 years. FRAME—Toronto, August 21, Thomas J. Frame, aged 53 years. GILMOUR—Toronto Junction, August 21, Mrs. Jane Leet Gilmour. GALBRAITH—Toronto, William Galbraith, aged 72 years. HUTCHINGS—Toronto, August 20, William Hutchings, aged 66 years. HOPKINS—Toronto, Mrs. Samuel Hopkins, aged 71 years. JONES—Toronto, August 20, John B. Jones. LAWSON—Toronto, August 17, Joseph Lawson, J.P., aged 78 years. LEE—Toronto, August 17, Victor Albert Gillespie Lee, aged 34 years. MORPHY—Toronto, August 21, Edward M. Morphy, aged 85 years. MORISON—Toronto, August 17, Richard Charles Morison, aged 55 years. ROBERTSON—Toronto, August 19, John L. Robertson, aged 65 years. ROSSITER—Toronto, August 20, Annie Rossiter. SANKEY—Waskada, Man., August 18, Mrs. Charles A. Sankey. THOMPSON—Toronto, August 19, James Thompson, aged 62 years. WRIGHT—Toronto, Mrs. Charles W. Wright, aged 27 years. WELCH—Toronto, August 22, Nora Welch, aged 5 years. WILSON—Toronto, Mrs. Emeline T. Wilson, aged 85 years.

Jewellers to His Excellency the Governor-General.

The Price of Diamonds

"Diamonds reach this store free of the heavy customs charges to which United States jewellers are subjected.

"This is one of several good reasons why first-quality diamonds are lower priced at Diamond Hall than anywhere else in America.

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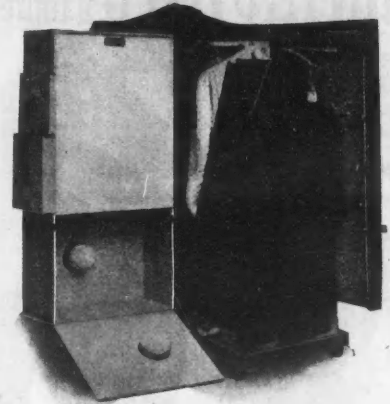


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ORIENTAL RUGS

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All Mail Orders given our prompt attention.
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Opposite the King Edward.



The Julian Sae Wardrobe Trunk

This is the only kind of Trunk in which the most elaborate gowns can be transported without crushing and wrinkling out of shape, doing away with all bother of pressing again and leaving your clothes all in perfect order, and ready to use on arrival.

PRICE \$65.00

If you are interested, send for special booklet describing this trunk.

The Julian Sale
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EATON'S Autumn Millinery Opening



On Monday, August the twenty eight, this important event takes place.

We are somewhat earlier this year than the wholesale openings, which fact only emphasizes our leadership, making it plain to you that we secured the world's verdict on Autumn wear at first hand, offering further evidence of our independent, front rank position.

Everything in millinery that Paris, New York and Toronto is wearing and will wear, will be shown you in wonderful, beautiful array. We're anxious to pass on to you the learning we secured at the fountain head of fashion.

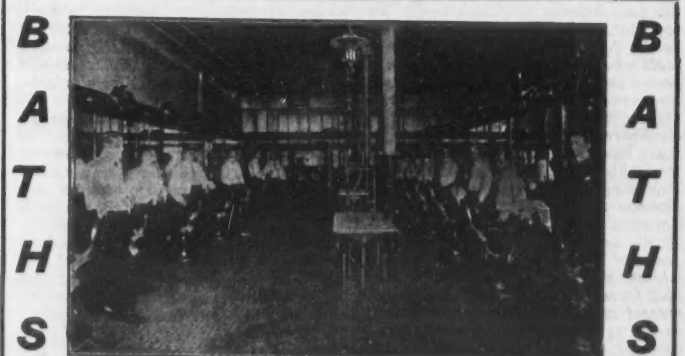
A particularly interesting feature of our display this year will be the grand showing of present wear hats.

Come and see everything—buy when you feel like it.

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14—BARBERS—14

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